FUNDAMENTAL ENDS OF LIFE

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FUNDAMENTAL ENDS OF LIFE

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EVANGELICAL SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

United Theological Seminary

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SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

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INTRODUCTION

The world has been passing—is still passing—through a period of agony and confusion. Everybody knows, dimly or clearly, that some deep-lying and baffling ailment has fallen upon large sections of the human family and that nobody seems able to discover either a sound diagnosis of the disease or a potent remedy for it. All who have worked at the problems of the age have been like a person trying to put together a jigsaw puzzle when, without his knowing it, a lot of the pieces of the picture are lost and the puzzle will not go together.

The main difficulty has been that men have been looking for economic and political solutions while all the time the trouble is deeper than that, and the remedy, too, must go deeper. Like those old Babylonians who built their civilization out of their own inner nature, so we, too, have built our confused world out of our ambitions, our selfishness, our fears, our hates, our suspicions, our greeds, and our rivalries. If we are ever to rebuild the world we must first of all begin to build it by reconstructing our own inner spirits. The most important first step is the formation within us of a sounder faith in God and man, a surer apprehension of the available spiritual resources at hand, and a profounder confidence in the silent healing forces of life and love. We have been looking in the wrong place for the path out of our wilderness wanderings. We have witnessed in many ways a great intensification of desire for possessions, for wealth, for economic assets, and we see going on around us almost everywhere

an eager drive for pleasure, as though if that could be got it would make everything right and endurable. This mad rush for pleasure is no doubt a natural reaction from the unendurable strain of the war-years, a hoped-for way of relief from the hideous memories and agonies of the world-Golgotha. But it offers no solution of anything. It presents a *cul-de-sac,* not a high road.

It has seemed to many, on the other hand, that science is our only relief. We must go deeper with our plummet of knowledge. We must extend the area of our conquest of nature and increase our capacity to use material forces. But the real trouble is that we have been using our mastery of natural forces for wrong ends and we cannot get a *better* world by the mere extension of scientific conquests, unless somehow we can open out our vision of the richer significance of life and can discover some dynamic that will enable us to become better men—men with better hearts and nobler intentions.

This book undertakes to deal with that vital problem. It does not recommend asceticism, nor does it belittle science. But it does endeavor to show that neither hedonism nor science holds the key that unlocks the door to the central human secret. It raises and tries to answer some of the deepest of all our questions: What do we want? Why do we want it? What does life mean? How do we come to be these strange eternity-haunted beings? I am calling in this book for a deeper consideration of the interior life within us, and I am quite confident that there are presented here some real clues and hints which point us to the Spiritual Source of Life and to those deeper forces that will heal us of our grievous wounds.

The book is essentially a course of lectures given on the Haskell Foundation at the Graduate School of Theology of Oberlin College, and on the Nathaniel W. Taylor

foundation at Yale Divinity School. When the two invitations came to me almost simultaneously from these institutions, I was lying wrecked and helpless from a terrible automobile accident which had just occurred. I was suffering with broken bones, torn ligaments, contused muscles and lacerated flesh. I accepted the invitations in the hope that when the time came for the lectures I should at least be able to stand on my feet and to use my voice, though I had then no certainty of complete recovery. But days and weeks went by and all the time the silent, invisible healing forces of life were at work. The bones knitted together, the ligaments were tied back into their old fastenings, the torn flesh was woven together once more into a living, seamless unity, and all the former functions were restored as noiselessly and as successfully as the forces of springtime restore the glory of the world after the havoc of winter. There are, I believe, similar healing forces for the deep and tragic wounds of the world. I hope this little book may help some readers to discover where they lie and how they may become available.

I gave the six lectures at Oberlin in February and by kind permission of the two institutions concerned, I was allowed to give four of them in April,—the first, third, fifth and sixth—as the Taylor Lectures at the Yale Divinity School. In their present form they are very much expanded and include considerably more than was given to the two audiences which heard them. I shall be entirely satisfied if my readers show anything like the degree of interest and appreciation manifested by my listeners on these two happy occasions.

Haverford College,
Haverford, Pennsylvania,
May Day, 1924.

FUNDAMENTAL ENDS OF LIFE

FUNDAMENTAL ENDS OF LIFE

CHAPTER I

THE QUEST FOR FUNDAMENTAL ENDS

I

The deepest question any one of us ever asks and tries to answer is, "What do I want? To what shall I bend my life?" Most of us, I suppose, answer it without consciously asking it and as a consequence we do not get down into the full depth of its meaning and significance. As William James puts it, we answer it generally with "dumb consents." But for one who looks this problem straight in the face and searchingly asks, what is it that I want more than I want anything else? the question proves to be as deep as life and of course extraordinarily hard to answer. It raises all life's rivalries to a pitch of intensity, it brings forth all the compulsions of loyalty and it confronts us with a momentous choice which is to shape all the far-flung issues of our life. If we were made like the ant or the bee, governed by the overmastering drive of one propelling instinct, we should be spared the agony and peril of making this costly decision, of selecting what is to be our highest good and what is to hold us, like the influences of the Pleiades or the bands of

Orion, concentrated and absorbed amid all the scattering attractions and side appeals of a world full of things. With all our wealth of instincts, plus our insights of reason, we are created to be this other kind of being, who determines himself and settles his own destiny by *deciding what he wants.*

It must be admitted that a great many persons in our world do not spend much time on this cardinal problem. They hardly think of it at all. They approach closely to the instinctive reactions of bees and ants and wake up to find themselves with their *main wants* all decided upon, as though it had been done for them. They simply pursue certain things which attract them and they are not aware of any very profound searching of heart to discover how to plan a life, what to live for, or why to choose one thing rather than another. "How otherwise?" they would say, if we bothered them with our whithers and whys. Each person comes into a world where things are happening, the roads are already built, the attraction-booths set up, life is a going concern, and it is easy to let the direction be shaped and the end determined by the prevailing drift. One lives in order to go on living! There are plenty of individuals who thus simply *find* themselves moving along certain courses of life as a log from the Maine forest finds itself moving in the onward sweep of the current of the Kennebec river. Neither the individual nor the log has asserted any autonomy and neither one is captain of the voyage of venture.

It appears, then, that there are two types of men and women, though the cleavage between them is by no means sharp and absolute. The one type is concerned to discover ultimate and fundamental ends of life to live for and the other type is satisfied, or nearly satisfied, to live for secondary and proximate ends. These proximate and sec-

ondary ends are more or less closely linked up with instincts, they have direct bearing upon survival and they make an appeal to all of us who are normal, only there are some of us who cannot confine our strivings to things of this lower class, who, in fact, cannot rightly begin to live until we get a glimpse of a dominating fundamental end of life, which raises our "wants" to a wholly different level. There are certain things which we value for their own sake, not because they aid our survival or increase our visible assets—these are what I mean by *fundamental ends*. We can explain a multitude of things by their extrinsic uses, but there are a few things which we value not because they serve us well as means but because they are sufficient ends in themselves, they make us intrinsically better persons. Even though they may not help us to live longer in time, or to travel faster through space, they help us towards the main business here of *finding the whole of ourselves*.

If we could ever succeed in making these fundamental ends of life more real, more vivid, more interesting, if we could raise them to first place in our index, we should profoundly alter and transform life through and through. We shall of course never get any great educational culture until we do just that. At present we are busy in our schools and colleges training our youth for the multitudinous secondary ends which clamor for attention and we do that task fairly well. We make practical, efficient persons who are quick, ready, eager, skillful and successful. But many of them hardly so much as hear whether there be any primary and fundamental ends to be desired and wanted. If they are referred to at all it is with mysterious allusion and in pious phrase. These things, in the mind of young people, have their dwelling with remote hopes and tenuous dreams and are classed with distant

mirages and subjective yearnings, not with the solid adamantine realities which hold the universe together. But some day, I prophesy, these ultimate ends will become an inherent part of all sound culture, as they were in a clear and explicit way in the highest Greek culture and as they were in a bungling way in the Middle Ages. Young people will be taught not only the practical tasks of the world and the conquest of material forces, but they will also at the same time want to learn to discover how to fashion an ever-expanding personality and how to find ends of life that are intrinsically good—good in themselves, though they might do nothing to aid survival or to increase bank accounts or even to save the soul from damnation in a world to come.

Our present methods and systems of education are miserably defective—defective at many points, but most defective, I maintain, precisely at this point that we are content to collect and transmit facts, or what we call facts, but we do all too little to prepare persons who can use their knowledge of facts wisely and nobly for the highest and most beautiful ends of life. We know much more about atoms than we do about personality; we are much wiser at bridge-building—and I might add, bridge-playing—than we are at the art of forming character. We would never risk our life on a bridge built in the casual and capricious way in which we form character. We know vastly more about radium and helium than we do about the human soul. Some day perhaps we shall be disturbed by this discrepancy and we shall gird ourselves for the really important undertaking of life-planning, of learning how to live. What I am asking is that ancient but ever fresh question, what do men live by when they truly *live, i.e.,* when they richly, nobly and fully live? Tolstoy first gave us this fine phrase and then Dr. Richard

Cabot put large content and meaning into it in his valuable book on, *What Men Live By.* This has obviously not been the central concern of education, either in America or in any other modern country. We have been passing through a practical, a pragmatic, period. We have counted on calculable, bankable results. We have exalted *things* and glorified *facts.* Even our artists and poets have painted and described *things as they saw them,*

For the God of things as they are.

We have been realists with a thumping emphasis and it must be admitted that we have cashed in a long list of effective results. The trouble with the whole business is, however, that it comes dangerously near to turning us into a world of "Main Street" people and of making us, with all our boasted education, altogether too much like "Babbitt" and his circle. Our slogans have not saved us, will not save us. "Democracy" with all its promises and expectations has proved to be no panacea for confused and mismanaged humanity. It, like "that blessed word Mesopotamia," is just a word. "Education for the masses" has not realized the hopes of its prophets, nor ever will do so on the present basis. No reshuffling of leaden elements inaugurates a golden age. We stay all the time on the same level and do not find the dynamic which shifts the level and starts life moving from a higher water-shed. That happier time and better age will not begin until our entire education is concerned with fundamental ends of life as well as with the proximate and secondary ends which figure so forcefully, and it must be said, so successfully, in our present methods and systems of education. We shall learn how to build the bridge, and manage the business, but we shall not neglect the art of making a life.

II

One central source of confusion has been the persistent tendency to substitute *springs of action* for *ends of life.* This accounts for the recurrence, generation after generation, of crude forms of hedonism and varying types of cheap utilitarianism. There is no doubt whatever that pleasure and pain are instinctive springs of action. The one initiates and reënforces tendencies to act, the other tends to block and inhibit action. Pleasure is a sign that we are on a right track; it is a guide and a pointer. But pleasure and pain are by no means the only springs. Every instinct is a tendency to act in response to the fitting stimulus. We are curious bundles of instinctive and emotional tendencies. We come organized in unstable equilibrium. We are as explosive as gunpowder, as "ready to go off" as dynamite is. The appropriate contacts produce the most surprising results, at least they would be surprising, if they were not so familiar to our experience and observation.

We are not yet at a stage of psychological knowledge to warrant speaking without reservation about the dynamic of mind. The developing mind as a whole in its adjustment to the total environment is a dynamic energy and it is not possible to predict in advance just how it will shape its *urges* and *drives* to fit the complexities of its history, but there are certain preformed tendencies and capacities which must always be reckoned with. These instinctive springs are numerous and they play an immense part in the entire life-history of the individual. So, too, do the specific gifts and aptitudes with which we are natively furnished and endowed. There is a propensity on the part of some psychologists to make one or two instincts responsible for almost everything in life, wise or foolish,

sane or abnormal; but that is a passing fad. When we return to scientific "normalcy" we shall find that *all* instincts are springs and that the mind itself is a vast potential energy adjusting itself to a complicated environment.

The instinctive tendency to play, to select one of the most interesting instincts, is parent of a vast number of life-activities. It cannot be reduced to a pleasure-aim, since the play-impulse appears before the child forecasts the results that will follow his activity. It comes from his superfluous energy, an overflow of vitality, a mysterious urge of nature. The baby kicks, not to accomplish some thought-out purpose, but just to kick. He crows to crow; he pounds to pound; he rattles his rattle to rattle his rattle! The exercise is in short its own end—and it is in the first instance as "blind" as are the marvelous doings of the mother ichneumon fly.

This well-known propensity to release stored-up energies, to exercise native capacities, to throw potential functions into play, begins with life itself and runs its gamut clear through to the end of life, or at least until the superfluous energies are all drained away and only enough vitality remains to keep the exhausted machinery moving. This "spring" underlies a large part of human activity even when its native force is hardly suspected. There is an important play-factor operating in most men's lives. Those of us who do not hunt big game, or climb unconquered mountains, or beat an aeroplane record, or enter international yacht races, or volunteer to explore the poles of the earth are nevertheless eager to do something we do not "have to do." We search for obstacles, we welcome risks and perils, we are keen for struggles which will try us and draw upon our energies. We invent puzzles and problems to exercise our capacities and when we can think of no new invention we import Mah Jong! We refuse

easy combats if there are strenuous ones to be found. Instead of curtailing our endeavors we incline all the time to expand them. We hunt for worlds to conquer. We all carry in our blood something of the eternal youth of Odysseus who is never too old to "seek a newer world," or to "smite the sounding furrows" of the sea, for, to us as to him, "all experience is an arch wherethro'

Gleams the untravell'd world,"

which beckons us on. Or, like Schiller's Tell, we truly enjoy our lives only when we build them anew each day we live. This mighty spring and energy of play—significant enough to be called an *élan vital* in our lives—furnishes the rational explanation of a very large variety of our activities. It operates as a pushing force in many unsuspected and subterranean ways, it colors all human life and it no doubt makes a contribution, usually unacknowledged, to our most fundamental ends of life, but as an instinctive tendency it is a *spring of action,* not *an end of life.*

The same can be said of *imitation.* Some psychologists and sociologists have perhaps overworked the rôle which imitation plays in the development of personality and in the formation of group life, but even so, when the most sober and restrained account of the facts is given, imitation must be reckoned with as one of the major springs in the unfolding processes of human life. The instinctive tendency to imitate operates at first quite unconsciously and without any forecast of effects. The baby smiles in response to a smile, frowns to a frown and puts on a "mournful look" in the presence of a sad and drooping face. He adopts attitudes, makes movements of face and limbs, experiences emotional tones, acquires habits, attains mental results, and, at a later stage, learns to talk

without toiling or spinning, without conscious aim or effort, and solely because he possesses a nervous organization and a psychological capacity that function in response to appropriate stimuli from other persons, and so the foundation is laid for the immense social fabric into which the newly arrived individual fits and fashions his life. Gradually, as life unfolds, imitation grows less "blind." It is raised to a higher level, it is shot through with rationality and emotion and it becomes a semi-conscious function, sometimes, no doubt, though more rarely, a clearly conscious operation, but throughout human life it is a powerful spring of conduct, a source of immense contribution to the total stock of individual and group life, but it is not, and cannot be, an end of life, though it may, and surely does, have its part to play in the formation of our fundamental ideals, out of which our ends are made.

Curiosity and wonder are, again, notorious springs of wisdom and of action. If wonder and curiosity were deleted from the child's native furnishings we should have difficulty in pushing such a child beyond the acquisitions of an idiot. In the normal infant, however, the pushing is done from within. Surprise and interest in novelty appear very early. His face asks questions even before his lips speak words, and when once he gets a tiny mastery of language the endless question-asking begins, with its persistent list of "whys." Then comes the stage of collecting stamps, birds-eggs, shells, caterpillars, butterflies, cigarette pictures, tags, tin cans—anything around which a human interest can form, and before one knows it the impulse widens out, and awakens some of life's deepest purposes. Like the other instinctive tendencies, this one is "blind" when it begins to operate. It does not function with an end in view. It is without vision or forecast.

It knows nothing of the long trail upon which it is entering. It wonders just to wonder; it asks to ask, it collects to collect, not to get some desired result. But this strange propensity contains the germ of all our science, the nucleus of all our philosophy. It is the native push that has carried the race forward into all the conquests which the mind has made in the visible and invisible realms of the universe. Here, once more, we are dealing with a *spring of action,* a motive force, operating, at least on its lowest level, from behind, not as the attracting foresight of a goal, though it gets lifted up and brought over into our ends of life, when they finally come to be formed and matured.

Pity and sympathy, which are psychologically closely enough related to be linked here in treatment, are vastly important primary springs of conduct and they form the elemental ground and source of our altruistic and other-regarding activities. It used to be the fashion to think of these traits as deeply mysterious, even supra-rational, and, again, as late arrivals in the development of the race and the individual. It was assumed that life proceeded on the one leg of struggle for existence. The entire stream of life was believed to be loaded with an irresistible *nisus,* or bent, toward self-survival, self-achievement. Egoism was woven into the very fiber and fabric of life. To be a product of evolution meant being infected with a passion for existence and self-promotion—the will to live, the will to get, the will to power. Anything else was either insanity or a masked form of egoism cleverly disguised. Even pity and sympathy were "explained" as due to long-sighted preparation for the time when our own turn might come to need pity and sympathy, hence it was wise and profitable to contribute as a kind of mutual insurance to the total stock of pity and sympathy in the world! No-

body thinks so now. Struggle for the life of others is just as much a 'law' of nature as struggle for existence is, or was. Mutual aid, the conjunct life, *i.e.* life found in and through relationship with others, consideration for a group, readiness to suffer and sacrifice, are just as much biological facts as are the ravin-red tooth and claw of which we used to hear so much. We come "trailing clouds of glory" to this extent, that we are born with instinctive tendencies which make us interested in and concerned for others than ourselves. Here are found great springs of action, working at first unconsciously and without any hint of far-gain or remote results, but at the same time furnishing the basis for one whole side of our complex life-doings, and when we acquire fundamental ends of life to live by, these ends owe much to the fact that in our primitive stage we were pushed from within towards acts of pity and deeds that were altruistic and other-regarding.

All of these springs of action which I have so briefly reviewed are, without question, sources of pleasure. Even acts that spring from pity and that involve sacrifice of self have a pleasure element in them, or, if one prefers a better word, a deep tinge of satisfaction. In fact, pleasure, under whatever name we may choose to name it, or to disguise it, is an ever-present factor in all activities, in all decisions, in all normal functions of life as we know it. But that does not mean, and must not be taken to mean, that pleasure is an end—that we act to get it. Hedonism, *i.e.*, the theory that pleasure is the life-aim, has completely collapsed as a psychological, or as an ethical, hypothesis. Both crude hedonism and the subtler types which flourished in the nineteenth century have gone into bankruptcy. All these primary springs have their foundation in instincts which operate without forecast or cal-

culation of pleasure or of any other resulting gains. They are springs, not ends. But when we do act consciously for an end or voluntarily chosen forecast, that end is not pleasure. The idea in our mind when we act with foresight—the idea which forms our "motor-cue," as James so happily called it, is always some concrete thing or event or achievement upon which we focus our attention; it is never an abstraction, such as mere "pleasure" is bound to be. I want to finish an article I am writing and I aim to achieve that goal, or I wish to lower my golf score, or to go to Greece, to marry a wife, to buy a yoke of oxen, to catch the train for which I am running.

Usually "pleasure" is not in our mind at all. Frequently, generally probably, it would hamper us and make us "foozle" our real aim, if it were there in consciousness. Imagine the success of a golf shot, if one were thinking of "pleasure" rather than of keeping the eye on the ball, or thinking of the spot to be reached by the stroke. No, if we are ever to get pleasure, it must come to us as a by-product, not as an aim; it must be got, not head on, but through absorption in some other pursuit. It is a fallacy to say that we desire objects and events *because* they give us pleasure. On the contrary, they give us pleasure because we desire them, and we desire them in the last analysis because of our instinctive springs and our fundamental nature as men. So far, then, we have been dealing with energies of life that operate in us as pushing forces, not as goals and forecasts which attract us. We must pass over now from *a tergo* forces to *a fronte* influences, from springs to ends, from quasi-causal explanations of acts to teleological aims out of which action is motived.

I do not intend to leave the impression that there is a sharp line of division, a clearly marked water-shed, between these two types of life and action, so that some acts

are wholly of one and some wholly of the other. That is not so. It is always difficult to decide how far an act is the result of a blind, instinctive, spring and to what extent it is produced by the clear vision of a forecasted goal to be attained. We cannot cleave absolutely asunder with a hatchet the way of causation and the way of teleology, and yet both ways—at their extremes pole-wide apart—are genuine features of our complex human life.[1]

III

As soon as *intelligence* emerges and the little being becomes both "instinctive" and "intelligent," as all normal children do become, the intelligence reveals itself as an organizing influence. Instincts, emotions and impulses are grouped now into tiny systems, organized toward a central purpose, which is more or less clearly forecast and aimed at. As life expands and develops, and intelligence becomes more and more potent, the range of organization broadens out. Whole systems are themselves grouped into more inclusive systems. Thus purposes are shaped, loyalties are formed and sentiments are built up which set the life toward forward-looking aims and constructive goals, though instinctive springs are not sloughed off and left entirely behind. They are rather taken up into the higher systems and transformed—"sublimated" is the modern word—under the nurturing influence of organizing intelligence. Every sentiment which is formed in the intelligent person's life has strong instinctive and emotional springs, but they are fused with a large ideal factor—a

[1] C. Lloyd Morgan in his *Emergent Evolution* (1923) uses the terms "causation" and "causality" respectively to discriminate these two types which I have called Causation and Teleology. See *op. cit.* Chapter X.

stock of intelligent insight—and the entire psychological "constellation" is organized around a central focus-point of purpose. Out of this process is usually born an intense loyalty—a loyalty which reveals in a new way the dynamic of mind and which may easily be strong enough to overcome and reverse the innate tendency to struggle for existence, to ensure survival and to promote self-interests. It is obvious, therefore, that this business of forming sentiments, a word which must not be confused with the weak word "sentimental," is one of the most important functions of education, and yet one which is almost wholly neglected and left largely to chance and caprice.

Besides the sentiments which are great constructive energies of life, there are also other organized energies which sometimes baffle the will and defeat constructive action. These systems or constellations are nowadays called "complexes." They are repressed and submerged emotional systems. They are abnormal energies, usually unrecognized, which tend to upset the psychological equilibrium. They are similar organizations to the sentiments, except that they generally work below the level of conscious purpose and they disintegrate rather than unify the total personality. The organizing tendencies reach their consummation in the formation, the integration, of a unified self. The central feature of it is the organization of life-aims around a single dominating tendency—a vocation, a mission, a cause, a dedication. There will of course still be stray impulses, tendencies not yet conquered, conflicting suggestions, but a man is captain of his soul when he is under the sway of an ideal which is drawing him steadily forward toward the complete realization of his full personality. In a great passage as profound as it is poetical Wordsworth has recorded his appreciation of this process of organization and development:

Wisdom and Spirit of the Universe!
Thou Soul, that art the eternity of thought!
And giveth to forms and images a breath
And everlasting motion! not in vain,
By day or starlight, thus from my first dawn
Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me
The passions that build up our human soul.
Not with the mean and vulgar works of man,
But with high Objects, with enduring things,
With life and nature, purifying thus
The elements of feeling and of thought,
And sanctifying by such discipline
Both pain and fear.

All along the track of the intelligent organization of these purpose-systems, as I have so briefly outlined the process, *ideals* have been emerging. Every purpose-system aims at something not attained. Every genuine sentiment is lifted above the most exact account of *what is,* and moves toward the realization of something ideal and not yet experienced, not yet attained. They are essentially ideal systems—end-seeking purposes. Where ideals come from is a large question, not to be answered at this point, though it is perhaps not much more difficult to tell how we get ideals than how we get any kind of *knowledge.* It can in any case be maintained that ideals have their ultimate ground for us in the fundamental nature of our minds. We never merely register *what is.* The whole story is never told when we have dealt only with the *receptive* aspect of experience. We always transcend what we have and are, and go out beyond it in ideal directions. In the field of our immediate and practical concerns, we get our imagination material, the stock out of which we construct our working ideals, from our social group—our family circle, our schoolmates, our wider human fellowships, our knowledge of history, our study of literature and kindred forms of culture. Here we dis-

cover what has been, what might be, what can be, what for us shall be. Even so, we do not *receive* our ideals ready-made and transmitted to us as a gift of grace. They are not injected. We create our own ideals and we are the makers of the ends toward which we live. There is something peculiar and unique about every person's ideal —the very fact that it is ideal means that it goes beyond what was or what is. It has an "emergent" and creative feature to it, which raises it from the fact-level to a world of another order, and it brings us into a domain, even though it may be a restricted domain, of real freedom. It indicates, too, as we shall see, that we are in a universe that is alive and spiritual.

IV

We come finally to that momentous cleavage of which I have already spoken, as deep as life itself, which divides our purposeful ends into two types—(1) those which may be called secondary or proximate ends, and (2) those which are fundamental or ultimate ends. Here, again, in spite of the fact that I have used the phrase "momentous cleavage" I do not mean to insist that some of our purposes are wholly motived by secondary aims, and that other purposes belong just as unconditionally to the sphere of ultimate ends of life. Once more, our deeds are amazingly complex, and so too are our motives, and we cannot unravel the strands of influence which made a particular deed *our* deed. What I am concerned, however, to maintain is that there are two types of life-ends which whenever they come into play differ utterly in *kind* and which settle for us whether we live in one sort of world or in another sort of world. One set of aims—those which I

have called secondary—are, in the main, utilitarian and extrinsic. They have to do with pragmatic effects, they are keyed to the tune of results. The world in which they move and have their being is a world of double-entry bookkeeping. On one side of the ledger is the tale of effort, of labor, of spent energy, of push and strain and struggle, and on the other side is the summation of "returns" which are expected to balance the accounts. The aim is for a concrete result, the purpose focuses upon a practical return. We are in a universe of equations, we are in the sphere of *quid pro quo,* so much oil-stock for so much influence.

The reward which is in the eye of the actor may be hereafter, in another world, but it is not the less extrinsic for that. It is of the general nature of a bargain counter transaction and we hear still of the scales and balances of infinite justice. There is no debate about the importance of these pragmatic aims. They have had their steadying and stabilizing function in human society. They have given drive and intensity to our race. They have built our railroads and steamships; they have girdled the globe with cables and wires of communication. They have written books and preached sermons. They have much to do with law and order, with government and the machinery of civilization. We need not take the pessimistic view that "human life is one long, dismal conjugation of the verb to eat," just because this world is a practical world and aims at economic results, for the results are on the whole worth having and in some sense a fit return for the struggle.

But my point now is, and I must close in on the task of making it clear, that life is not wholly utilitarian and extrinsic. There is a sphere of life above the level of equations, double-entry bookkeeping and scales of

justice. There are ends of life, and this is what our *quest* is about, which are essentially *intrinsic* and leave all thought of rewards, results, returns, pragmatic effects, behind. This new level of life does not exist apart from the utilitarian level, disassociated and sundered from it, any more than spirit exists in its own subtle and sublime character, unalloyed with matter. Whenever the higher "emerges," it emerges *from* a lower that was there, and it uses that lower medium as its base of operation, the ground from which it rises to make its own manifestation, as the aeroplane can go up only when it has an aviation field to mount from. It is through these forms of integration or organization, of which I have previously spoken, that life is raised above mere instrumentalism—what we usually call efficiency. It is through higher inspirations and consecrations that we overtop "behavior," leave behind cut and dried morality and enter the stage of true *goodness*. Life now becomes a beautiful thing, a consummate fine art. The right word for this higher goodness is grace. It is a stage beyond "rules," beyond conscious effort, beyond double-entry bookkeeping or utilitarian concerns. But the true sphere for this type of goodness is not up in the sky, not off in a *post mortem* paradise, not even in a "love-feast" testimony meeting. It is in the normal stress and strain, hill and valley scenery of this everyday life of ours. Loyalty to the ideals of one's chosen profession, consecration to public service through the tasks of one's ordinary occupation, faith in the infinite worth of human personality, readiness to give to the uttermost limit the most precious gift of our nature for love of others, even the least, dedication of heart and will and hands to the formation of an ampler and freer spiritual atmosphere for little children to be born into—these are some of the ways by which one passes

over from efficiency to grace, and that, too, without leaving efficiency behind! The latter is higher than the former as music is higher than words.

Our central problem turns quite obviously on the discovery of some reality which is good in itself, which is sought not because it will bring us desirable returns but because it absolutely fits our deepest nature, as a key fits a lock, as the floating pollen fits the kindred flower, and as light fits the eye, and gives us the surging consciousness that we have found and are enjoying that for which we were mysteriously made. We have something like this experience when we see a perfectly beautiful object, or hear a piece of music which is a flawless harmony. It is not easy to disentangle the utilitarian strand from the purely æsthetic strand in any concrete experience. Somebody instantly "utilizes" a glorious display of natural beauty and still more perhaps any successful creation of perfect art, but that does not alter the fact that we *find ourselves,* are liberated and lifted, are set free and purified, by the sight of beauty. It is sacramental and exalting. It is its own excuse for being and not merely a means and medium to something else.

Love is just as surely an intrinsic good. It enables us to forget self-preservation; it takes us beyond the will to live. The "love" we know in daily life, and in the romances of the novelist, is usually mixed and very complex. There are certainly many strands woven into that rich fusion which we call love, and we do not perhaps often know instances of it where it is washed clean of all extrinsic and utilitarian qualities. There is in it a large instinctive basis not always sublimated, but that must not blind us to the fact that there is a love which seeks no reward, no return, which thinks not of the balances of justice, which suffers long and is kind, does not let go,

rises to the high level of grace, and *loves to love,* not to get something—a love like that which

> Took up the harp of Life, and smote on all its chords with might;
> Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in music out of sight.

Nothing can be more "mixed"—a more synthetic fusion —than is our everyday conduct, even when we call it by the lofty name of "moral conduct." Endeavor as we may, in our solemn moments of meditation, reflection and analysis, to search our souls as with a candle and to discover exactly why we did what we did, or said what we said, we can seldom find a single, uncompromised answer. When we most honestly stand and deliver the real motive of our conduct we are usually surprised to find how many motives and springs were "in the fringe" or "on the margin" and had their influence in shaping the deed which we are reviewing. If "when one knows all, it is hard to condemn," so too, we may add, when one knows all, it becomes somewhat difficult to praise.

And yet, in spite of all that can be said to prove complexity of motives in conduct, there is a type of human conduct, which is intrinsically good, at least there are aims and motives and purposes which are such. Much of our conduct no doubt moves in the sphere of *equations.* Hosee Biglow's political bargain has wide application.

> If you gits *me* inside the White House,
> Your head with ile I'll kin' o' 'nint
> By gittin' *you* inside the Light-house
> Down to the eend o' Jaalam Pint.

We often give to get, we are not altogether free from self-casuistry, by which we make ourselves believe that we are acting for one motive when we are really acting for another. But when all the discounts and reductions have been made there is still a substantial residue of acts left

which are pure and lofty, *i.e.,* which are done solely to make goodness prevail and triumph, which are done in short, *because they ought to be done.* The "consciousness of ought" is one of the most tremendous affirmations that human experience knows and it cannot be explained away, *i.e.,* reduced to something else, any more than the enjoyment of beauty can be. It is unique, *sui generis:* it is, as Emerson said, a "voice without reply." It is a fundamental end of life and it brings us into relation with an ultimate reality of a wholly different order from the things we see and touch.

Religion, like our other deep-searching human interests, is "mixed" with many motives and interwoven with some strands of selfish and utilitarian ends. There is no question that in all ages men have made religion a commercial transaction. Jacob is not the last of those who strike a bargain with the higher Powers and say: "If God will be with me and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace, then Jehovah shall be my God." "God" has been a *useful* being. He has fitted often enough into schemes of extrinsic and secondary aims. Men have been eager, as Whittier so well puts it, to save

> Their souls and winter pork
> With the least possible outlay of salt and sanctity.

"Fundamentalists" on the one hand use God as a means to an end they have in view, as the sender of a divine relief expedition to clean up a hopeless world situation, while "modernists" on the other hand often think of religion as a means for producing by slow and gradual processes a new and better social order. They put the issue

clearly when they say that we must choose between "Christ and Chaos."

But there is nevertheless in our world a nucleus of real intrinsic religion—religion in spirit and in truth—which seeks God, as the artist seeks beauty, as the lover seeks the beloved, as the saint seeks holiness, for no ulterior and extrinsic purpose, solely to find Him and to worship Him and to love Him and to be like Him. Religion, when it comes to its full glory and "emerges" from the complex forms that have gone under the name of "religion" is a fundamental end of life. It attaches to an ultimate reality. It seeks, finds and enjoys a great Companion, a loving Friend, a tender Father. It has its ground and basis in the essential nature of the soul of man, as these lectures will endeavor to show. It is a normal way of life, an emergent function of personal life, as sane and intelligent, as consonant with reason, as pure and sublimated as is any of our acts that owes its push to an instinctive spring. Much of our life is embedded in the past. There are beneath us immemorial roots of life that stretch back to the birth of our race, and far back of that. We can never disentangle the web of our being and ticket off precisely what furnishings have come to us from the long line of our ancestral tree, but it must be granted that we are debtors to everybody behind us and that we carry in our stock of assets a vast array of contributions from all that has been. We can say of many of our deeds, I did *that* because I received the peculiar bent and disposition which was transmitted to me, or because I had the nurture of an unescapable psychological climate, furnished by my parental home and the associates of my childhood. But there is a domain of our life which is *ours* and nobody else's. There is something in us which is novel and unique and something which points toward the *future,* not

toward the past. We are, up to a certain point, *products* of forces not our own, energies that were for us but not of us; but there is something in us which has "emerged," which is creative and free and which, as Wordsworth says, "builds up the being that we are." "How we got it, caught it, came by it," we have still to seek. But strange, complex persons that we are, we have this outstanding trait—our peculiar glory—that we can live and do live for fundamental ends of life and we do link up somehow in our inmost being with a world that is ultimate, living and real in an absolute sense—

> That true world within the world we see,
> Whereof our world is but the bounding shore.

"The vitally important thing is," Dean Inge says in his *Philosophy of Plotinus* (p. 228), "that we should believe in Goodness, Truth and Beauty as Divine and absolute principles, the source and goal of the whole cosmic process, and not as imaginings of the human mind, or ideal values that have no existence." The most important philosophical issue of our time, I believe, is just this: whether values, the ideal values by which we live, are spun out of our own heads, dreams of our own imagining, or whether they are objectively real, universally valid, sprung from the eternal nature of things, and thus grounded in that spiritual Reality, from which the whole visible order of things has proceeded, and which makes them stabler than mountains and in perfect tally with "the already known works of the Artist who sculptures the globes of the firmament and writes the moral law."

CHAPTER II

THE IDEA OF THE GOOD IN PLATO

I

Dean W. R. Inge in his remarkable *Confessio Fidei*[1] announces himself to be a Platonist. He tells us that after all the centuries of search Plato's answers to our deepest questions are nearer the truth than are the answers of any other philosophers. "It is," he says, "only by the path of value that we reach God at all." "This doctrine of values," he further says, "seems to me identical with the Platonic doctrine of Ideas. Knowledge of the eternal values is real. In so far as we lay hold of wisdom, goodness and beauty (which are eternal values) we are in the possession of those things which exist in their own right; which are always and everywhere the same, though in experience they show diverse characters, as the light is always the same though it is polarized into various hues; and which cannot be means to anything else. This is to lay hold of eternal life." [2] Again, he says that "true faith is belief in the reality of absolute values. It is in this kingdom of absolute values that we must look for and find our immortality. It is because we know what Truth, Beauty and Goodness mean that we have our part in the eternal life of God, whose attributes these are." [3]

[1] Printed in *Outspoken Essays* (Second Series).
[2] *Op. cit.*, p. 26.
[3] *Op. cit.*, p. 35.

Ernst Troeltsch, one of the foremost thinkers in Germany when the war broke upon the world, said, at the ripest period of his life, that the future of Christian philosophy depends upon the renewal of its alliance with the stream of Platonic thought. It was Plato who first seriously and profoundly interpreted values, what I am calling fundamental ends, as the way to ultimate reality, as the path to God; and whether we agree or not with Dean Inge's lofty estimate of the message of Plato and the Platonists we are bound to admit that Plato by introducing the doctrine of values discovered an approach to all our central human problems, a way of approach which is just as vital to-day as it was in Athens in the fourth century before Christ. He is one of the greatest spirits that has ever battled with the problems of thought and whatever we conclude about his answers we can truly say that he opened up more philosophical and ethical questions than any other man who ever lived. I shall deal with him in the main as a thinker, but he was at the same time a prophet who *saw* the meaning of life. The highest and holiest things, he always felt, must be experienced and lived, not written about. In his Seventh Epistle, which I think we may take to be genuine, he says of the Good, which was the crown and culmination of his life work: "There is no writing of mine on this subject, nor ever shall be. It is not capable of expression like other branches of study; but as the result of long intercourse and a life spent upon the thing, a light is suddenly kindled as from a leaping spark, and when it has reached the soul, it thenceforward finds nutriment for itself."

He summed up in his thinking the entire intellectual life of Greece behind him, and by his genius he vastly transcended what the past, including his inspired master, Socrates, had contributed to him. But it is probably true

that no major thinker who has ever lived is so difficult to interpret. He was a poet, a genius, a supremely great writer of prose, but he left no system, no well organized and carefully matured conclusions; only debates magnificently handled, endless questions tentatively answered and then again reopened for new answers, myths, dreams, high hopes, visions and withal logical insight of the highest order, unsurpassed moral fervor and humor of the rarest quality. This amazing collection of Dialogues bristles with critical problems which get solved only to be solved over again. To catch and hold Plato is a feat like that which Ulysses had on hand with the immortal Proteus who slipped away and reappeared in a new form whenever he gripped him. One of the main reasons why we are always going back to Plato, why, as Emerson says, he is so "perpetually modern," is that he has done more than almost any other philosopher who has ever lived to open out the dimensions of the human soul. His forerunner, Heraclitus, said: "You cannot discover the boundaries of the soul, though you try every path, so deep down does its reason go." Plato quietly drops his plummet down into inward deeps which no one had reached before and still there are deeps beyond those deeps. Mind is the hero, the Odysseus, of all Plato's intellectual adventures.

It is an unsolved mystery how this man, born in the welter of the Peloponnesian war and nurtured in one of the darkest periods of Greek history, learned how to diagnose human life as no other person in this race of geniuses had done before or has done since. Professor L. P. Jacks in a recent article has raised the interesting question as to what kind of an education Plato had. His answer is: "Mathematics of the simplest, physics of the crudest, no algebra, no calculus, no laws of motion, or theory of gravitation. Nothing about circulation of the blood and the

foggiest notions about the functions of the brain. Of astronomy, a little, and yet a little that was surprisingly effective in expanding his imagination, in spite of the fact that it was upside down. But of chemistry, geology, biology, botany, physiology, as we understand them, virtually nothing. All these were as yet unopened chapters in the history of science. No printed books to tell him about them or about anything else. His whole library might have been carried in a wheelbarrow." [4]

And yet in spite of these pitiful limitations he has influenced human thought, the intellectual history of the race, as almost no other mind has done. Every generation retranslates him and every major thinker to some degree rethinks his thoughts, but the point I am now concerned with is that he discovered and affirmed the depth and capacity of the soul as surely as Columbus discovered America. His teacher, Socrates, gave him for a motto, *know thyself,* and he spent his life striving to fulfil the injunction and to realize the aim. It proved to be one of those things which cannot be completely done; but Plato went far with the great adventure.

He came to his intellectual task when the chaos of the schools was at its climax. The systems of thought were bankrupt and fruitless discussion had become almost a mental disease. Everywhere talk flourished but nowhere wisdom and light. "Man is the measure of all things," was a working theory. That did not mean some typical man, not some expert man, but each man, any man who happens to talk. The individual's opinion in short is final. What *seems* so to anybody *is* so. Your own seemings are your only guides, both in the sphere of knowledge and in the field of action. The senses supply us with all we can know. Each man's business is to report what he receives

[4] *Atlantic Monthly* for March, 1924.

from them—that is "knowledge," that is all the "truth" there is.

"I always wondered," Plato has Socrates say, "why Protagoras did not make a flat-nosed baboon the measure of all things," why not any being, even an insect, that has eyes to see and ears to hear. The answer of course is that senses as such, whether of a flat-nosed baboon or of a man, can give no knowledge. Knowledge, even on the lowest level, involves a *mind,* a mind that discovers, seizes, holds and actively uses universal concepts which under varying conditions of time and place remain the same. Plato in discovering this passed over forever from the shallow dogma that the mind (or soul) is a receptacle or reservoir into which the sense-streams run, to the doctrine of an inward spiritual nature in man of unfathomable depth and creative power—a nature unsundered from the supreme Reality of the universe. The soul, he declared in the *Republic,* is "an organ better worth saving than ten thousand eyes, since truth is perceived by this alone."

The clue to this doctrine was no doubt given to him by Socrates in that wise insistence of the great teacher on exact scientific definition and on the use of universals—unvarying concepts—particularly in the field of the ethical life. We must *know,* Socrates kept saying, what is always and everywhere good and true and right before we can perform deeds that are good and true and right. It is absurd to expect a man to do right until he knows what it is. It is wellnigh impossible to overemphasize the tremendous effect upon Plato of the martyrdom of Socrates. Through the events of the trial, the days in prison, and the beauty and heroism of the end, Socrates was raised in Plato's mind to the level of a new and idealized personality. He became a typical man and a mysterious in-

spiration. He kindled and fused Plato's whole life and carried him to heights which he would never have reached without the lifting power of his beloved and hallowed friend, whom, he says, "I may truly call the wisest and justest and best of all the men I have ever known."

II

I shall deal first, and very briefly, with the popular and poetic interpretation of Plato's thought and then I shall turn to consider the deeper and more adequate interpretation, which I think is the true one, though it no doubt reads back into him, as we are bound to do, some of our later and more modern ways of thinking. Much that was only implicit in Plato has been made explicit in the course of the development of thought. Plato begins with the problems of life which were dear to Socrates. He does not "destroy" Socrates, he "fulfils" him. Like his master, he is mainly interested in the search for a permanent ethical principle, a rational way of life. But to find such a principle he feels himself compelled first of all to lay a solid foundation for knowledge, a basis for *truth*.

He thinks very slightingly of "sense" experience. It can give only seemings, only opinion, only what is casual and contingent. Everything in *this* world might just as well be different. The world of sense is a world of flux, of process, of continual shifting, like desert sands, or frost landscapes on a window pane. Plato goes as far as Heraclitus does in his emphasis of change and movement in the field of sense experience. It is a river into which one can never go twice—each experience is "unrepeatable." Even Protagoras, the sophist, could say nothing harder

against the emptiness and illusoriness of knowledge than Plato can so long as knowledge is used to mean sense-furnishings. It leads to nothing permanent or necessary or universal—it is just what it happens to be, an accidental and ever changing *series.* It is a realm of "becomings," where nothing *is,* something like the world of a two weeks' old child—what James called "a great big blooming, buzzing confusion."

We get our first indication of another kind of world as soon as we begin to *think,* which is an undertaking that involves rising above sense. The process of thought always supplies the mind with something universal, something permanent, something which must be. That "something" which is the object of thought, Plato calls an *Idea.* It is not something the individual mind creates, it is rather something the mind *finds.* It was undoubtedly his mathematical experience that gave him his clue to the doctrine of Ideas. Mathematical conceptions are not "opinions," they are eternally *so,* whether you like them or not. They are "above" caprice, above contingent happenings, above subjective seemings. They are in their scope and compulsion "beyond" the mind and will of the individual thinker. They are absolute. They compel assent. They rule the mind in their own right. They are "transcendent" in the sense that they deal with objects which lie entirely beyond the range of any possible experience of sense.[5] The triangle in our mind, as we demonstrate a proposition in geometry is quite different from the crude figure which we draw on the blackboard and label *a, b, c,* and so, too, the universal laws of science sweep on far beyond any concrete experiences which verify them.

We can do no thinking without using something corre-

[5] See A. E. Taylor's *Plato,* p. 52.

sponding to these *Ideas*. They form the backbone and permanent framework of our intellectual life. Other features come and go, are and are not, but these universals are, *semper et ubique*. They constitute the structure of our universe of thought. They make facts and things cohere in a unified system. They are not just our creations. They are not subjective and capricious. They are not in flux, like Heraclitus' river. They are universal; they are abiding; they have an eternal aspect. They must belong to a different type of world than this "phenomenal" one, which sense gives us. They have all the marks of reality, of being, and consequently they can have had no origin in this sphere of endless mutability. What is always "becoming" cannot produce what always "is"—ὁτ ὄν. There must, it would seem, be a supersensuous, incorporeal world of absolute reality where these Ideas, these permanent forms which the soul sees and uses, have their domain and habitat. We must once have been there and have had direct intercourse with reality in all its beauty and we must have brought these unchanging Ideas with us, down into this lower world where everything else is in flux.

Plato often adopts this poetic and mythical way of explaining how we came by these stable and permanent Ideas. Before birth we lived in the world of reality and contemplated these real, these noumenal objects, *i.e.*, Ideas, things as they truly *are*. By birth we fell—and here it may be fairly said that Plato is more responsible for the doctrine of the "fall" than the Book of Genesis is—we fell to this lower plane of sensuous life where real objects are no longer to be found, only fleeting shadows. Our present perception can find neither the real world we have left nor its contents. But objects of perception assist the soul to bethink itself and to call up, or recollect,

the true Ideas which once it knew, so that all real knowledge is reminiscence (*ἀνάμνησις*).[6] But we do not easily recall those perfect patterns yonder, nor does this world with its thick veils shed much light to quicken and refresh our memories. We see through a glass dimly (Plato's own phrase) and only now and then catch a gleam of that glory which once was our native environment.

Wordsworth, in his Ode, has given immortal expression to this interpretation of the doctrine, in lines which almost everyone knows by heart:

> Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
> The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
> Hath had elsewhere its setting,
> And cometh from afar:
> Not in entire forgetfulness,
> And not in utter nakedness,
> But trailing clouds of glory do we come
> From God who is our home.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> Hence in a season of calm weather
> Though inland far we be,
> Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
> Which brought us hither,
> Can in a moment travel thither,
> And see the children sport upon the shore,
> And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

III

But beautiful as is Plato's myth and as are the poetry and religion which through the centuries have sprung from his fancy, this interpretation given above must not be taken seriously as the view of Plato the philosopher. The literalist as interpreter of a poet is always wrong.

[6] The *Phaedrus*, *Phaedo*, *Meno* and the famous cave scene in the seventh book of the *Republic* give the classic accounts of this poetic view.

Plato himself is one of the best critics of this doctrine. He saw as clearly as did Aristotle, his first great critic, that, taken literally, it destroyed the very basis of knowledge, since it separated the universal from the particular, as though they belonged in different "worlds"—the sense-facts down here and the Ideas yonder! He knew that it was no explanation of the universal and absolute character of *Ideas* to say that they were once *perceived* higher up on a more glorified level, for perception is still perception no matter how heavenly the realm may be where it occurs. Plato's Dialogues give clues and hints of a deeper interpretation than this one which leaves us with the figment of an "abstract universal" that explains nothing.

He insists that the person who stops with particular facts, with appearances, with sense-data—"the mosaics of sensation," as they are nowadays called—never arrives at anything which can be called *knowledge,* for knowledge involves something abiding and permanent, something universal and necessary—something which *must be so.* To find this "something" essential, we must turn from *the level of sense* to *the level of thought.* Thinking always presupposes the power, the capacity, to organize the particular, the momentary and the fleeting, and to construct a synthetic whole which is "above" sense-data and which is the basic condition of knowledge. The material of sense is not presented to us organized, unified, systematized, synthesized. We get tiny items, little driblets, snapshots from the different senses which are wholly unalike and the organizing is done by *us.* It is a piece of creative work done by mind—by *nous* to use Plato's word—and the mind that performs this function, that does this work, is not one of the phenomena, not one of the series of "items." It belongs to a different order, a noumenal

order.[7] It rules over and dominates all the phenomena of sense.

Plato makes so much of the difference between these two *levels* and of the impossibility of getting knowledge, *i.e.,* truth, without the assistance of something beyond sense, that he often seems to fly off to the far extreme and to put the real object of knowledge in a world unrelated to this world of our experience—he seems to exalt the unifying "one" which the mind sees to a plane apart from and beyond the "many", *i.e.,* the manifold of sense. This impression, however, is due to a superficial, or at least a too literal, reading of Plato. The "real" Plato goes deeper and continually hints at a way of uniting the particular and the universal, the one and the many, the contingent and the necessary into a single living whole. He did not consistently, or systematically, work this position out, so that the way-faring man, though only a sophomore, could see it, but he suggested again and again the larger, sounder truth which modern thinkers, *i.e.,* some modern thinkers—have arrived at.

By Ideas Plato really meant *permanent interpretations and explanations of sense-data,* universal, unifying principles by which we organize our many items of sense into a single spire-top *one* that remains the same amid all the variations and mutations of temporal experience. These Ideas, these unifying principles, can no more be separated from "things" than laws of nature can be separated from the facts they explain. But these *Ideas do in a true sense take us out of the flux into the eternal.* When one reaches a true explanation he rises from the temporal and contingent to the eternal aspect. It is thus possible by thought to enter a world *which is.* This world of Ideas—or permanent explanations—is the real world, for there is no

[7] "Noumenal" is derived from nous—mind.

basis of reality until we have learned to "think the same" —*i.e.*, to seize and hold the permanent. But the world of Ideas and the world of sense are not two different worlds; they are the same world, in one case adequately apprehended; in the other case inadequately apprehended. The world of mind is not off somewhere else in a foreign sphere; it is here and now, in and through all, but it is and forever must be a world above sense, above the facts which it interprets.

Even Plato's doctrine of *reminiscence* is open to a deeper interpretation than the literal one which is usually given to it. It may be only a mythical or poetical way of saying that knowledge is not something which comes into consciousness from the "outside," something "given" through sense. Knowing is rather discovering what is involved in consciousness itself and making it explicit, *i.e.*, thinking it out to its full meaning. Knowledge is found by going down deeper into self-consciousness, which can have had no temporal origin but must have come from Mind as an eternal reality. Plato has no sympathy for what he calls the "bird-cage" theory of knowledge or the wax-tablet theory, by which he means the theory that the mind is a receptacle to be filled up with items of sense. He also makes a humorous allusion to the way the mind is often considered as a kind of "Trojan Horse," in which a multitude of facts or functions lie hidden away.

Recollection does not mean for him going back *in time* to some past experience in another world, but rather going down deeper into the true nature and constitution of self-consciousness. There is in the *a priori* structure of mind a mental disposition of momentous importance. A careful analysis of mental processes reveals the fact that it belongs to the very nature of mind to think the universal.

The knowledge of a particular presupposes a universal. No summing up of particulars even to infinity would ever give a universal. We must have it in order to get it. We never know a particular thing except through a universal, *i.e.,* we never recognize an object as a particular object except by the universal element in it, so that it is literally true that even the lowest grade of knowledge, even sense-knowledge, involves a mind to which a capacity for thinking the universal is native. "Ideas" on this interpretation are thus not innate. They belong rather to the fundamental capacity of the thinking mind and the capacity is innate. Plato holds that *this world* of flux and change, of the temporal and contingent, can give no explanation of the origin of such a soul, of such a *nous.* It must belong to an eternally real, a noumenal world. All our progress in knowledge is a revelation of the potential capacity of mind, and *that* is a revelation of the deeper world to which we eternally belong. In the *Meno* Plato declares that the ground for believing that the soul is immortal is that it has within itself the truth of real being (*τό ὄν*).

The position we have arrived at so far in our interpretation of Plato, to recapitulate, is this: Mind as it appears in the rational thinker possesses a native creative synthetic power—the power of bringing forth Ideas of an absolute and universal character by which all sense-experience is organized and turned into a more or less permanent form which we call truth, since thinking in this higher form means arriving at Ideas, which are true for everybody who is rational. The *form* of thinking is the same in every rational mind and the Ideas which are true for one are true for all. Minds of this type seem then to have a common origin and to come from a deeper

Reality, which itself is Reason and the source of everything that reveals Reason.

IV

But there is something more to say about Platonic Ideas, the thought forms, the rational organizing principles of our mind. They are not just forms of our minds, they are not man-made, they are not private and subjective, not buzzings inside of our own heads. They give us real knowledge. They have objective validity. They correspond to some permanent reality in things. They link up thought and things. They bind together inner and outer into one web of truth, as a curve binds together a convex and a concave side into one curve. Whenever we *think* we organize our field of experience by means of permanent Ideas which are common to our own minds and to the facts with which we are dealing. To overlook the objective reality of Ideas is to surrender all possibility of knowledge and to drop back to the level of "seemings."

An Idea, then, to have any value must be both objective and subjective. It must belong to the mind and to the world which the mind knows. It must be a principle which unifies thought and being, mind and reality, and be manifested alike in both. It must be a principle of unity which holds all particulars in organic unity and at the same time in unity with the mind which knows them. Knower and known are kindred. As Plato himself puts it, in the *Phaedo* (79 C): "When the mind returns into itself from the confusion of sense as it does when it reflects, it passes into another region, the region of that which is pure and everlasting, immortal and unchange-

able; and feeling itself kindred thereto, it dwells there under its own control and has rest from its wanderings, and being in communion with the unchanging is itself unchanging." So, too, in the *Republic* (480) Plato says that we attain the true nature of every essence by a kindred power in the Soul. Our rational Ideas organize the objective world of experience because that world with which we deal is itself a product of Reason, and our thought forms fit its true nature.

In the *Symposium,* Plato's doctrine of *love* bridges the chasm between the world of deeper reality and this one in which we are living. By "Love" Plato means a passion in us for that which is truly, divinely real. We catch a gleam of it in some object of beauty, or in some dear human face, and we are smitten with a desire to pursue the glory which has broken through and awakened us, as a man is awakened out of sleep. Here he treats the *Idea* not as something abstract and apart, but as the *real presence* in the object, which awakens our passion for the universal reality which the object only partially reveals. Every beautiful finite thing is a window by which the soul may catch a kindling, inspiring glimpse of the eternal. The universal reality is the complete whole, which expresses itself through all the particulars, a living principle which holds particulars in organic unity. The passion of love (ἔρως) begins when the soul discovers the universal through the particular, the eternal through the temporal. "We look not at that which is seen, but at that which is not seen, for that which is seen is temporal but that which is not seen is eternal."

The poet who so perfectly expressed the popular and poetic interpretation of Plato has given equally perfect expression to this deeper view. It is in his *Lines on Tintern Abbey.*

I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.

V

The apex of Plato's entire system, the real spire-top of the spiritual universe, is the Idea of the Good. It is the highest organizing principle within the capacity of mind, the supreme principle of explanation, the most universal Idea. It is only another way of saying that the entire universe is a teleological system, *i.e.*, everything that has true being is realizing some end that is good. The truly real is a kingdom of values, a world in which everything is creative, and works together for good, as a mighty formative force.

On this interpretation, the highest Idea becomes the complete unity of all that is known and of all that has being, the supreme principle in the world and in the mind that knows the world, the Reality which sums up the entire rational universe. Everything that is real fulfils some end, is good for something, is the expression of a rational purpose. And at the same time we can never say that we know the true cause of a thing until we can say that it is best that this thing should be as it is.

This means that everything—even the forty-foot intestine in man, to use Plato's own illustration—is to be interpreted in reference to its end or function. It is to be

contemplated in the light of a *good* which it realizes or suggests. Once more we may raise the searching question whether this Idea of the Good is a Reality *in* the Universe, or *beyond* it. Is it immanent or transcendent? Is it a principle within our minds or in a realm above our minds? If we take the second alternative raised in these questions we get a double-world scheme, and with that no solution of the problem of knowledge is possible. We should be compelled to conclude that the great Plato had led us up to an *impasse* and left us there. According to the interpretation I am giving, the Idea of the Good is the absolute unity of being and knowing, the common, inclusive principle in the world that is known and in the mind that knows—the complete organism of all that is truly real, one living unity. The Idea of the Good is a revelation of a Deeper World of Real Being, an inclusive foundational Being. Sometimes Plato thinks of this idea as a pattern, or model, a perfect type, after which things are copied. Sometimes it is a foundational organic principle, underlying and uniting both mind and object in one inclusive whole. And sometimes it is thought of as a *Real Presence* immanent in our world of truth and beauty and goodness. This highest interpretation, which is based on mystical experience and has been the source of stimulation to mystical experience through all the centuries, is given in the *Symposium,* especially in the famous Diotima passage, in the *Phaedo* and in the *Phaedrus.*

As Plato grew older the logician in him tended to crowd out the mysticism which was a fundamental trait of the earlier, creative Plato. But it was his own ideal that as one grows old he should increase in capacity to *see* the invisible realities and to contemplate that which makes life true and beautiful and good. This is his program for the rulers of the state, as sketched in the *Republic* (540):

"Those who are to be the guardians of the state and the upbringers of the coming generation, after having been in early manhood exercised in all the civic functions of peace and war, when they have reached fifty years, let those who have distinguished themselves in every action of their lives and in every branch of knowledge, come at last to their consummation: the time has now arrived at which they must *raise the eye of the soul to the universal light which lightens all things, and behold the Absolute Good:* for that is the pattern according to which they are to order the state and the lives of individuals and the remainder of their own lives also."

In the *Timæus* the Idea of the Good becomes the creative expression of a World Mind, a World Will; in other words it has its source and ground in a world Reason, which implies a Personal God, though here again, as always in Plato, we must expect only suggestion and implication, not systematic exposition. Plato sketched out his theories of the universe in sharp opposition to the mechanical explanation of Nature, set forth evidently by Democritus. According to this latter theory the world is an accidental series of events, everything is purposeless and undesigned. Against this Plato insists on Purpose—Purpose everywhere. The Idea of Good prevails throughout the cosmos. The universe is the product of Nous—of a world-creating Mind that works from within as a World Soul. This means that the universe is an immense system of Ideas, unifying Laws, or permanent principles or energies, which work as creative purposes or tendencies toward ends. Our present world shows these perfect forms inadequately and mixed with something stubborn and non-rational, the space-time frame in which things are set. Here the Perfect, the truly Good, is splashed out into space and time and multiplicity, and we often get only

distorted images and broken gleams of *that which is*—our true aim and goal.

> That type of Perfect in his mind
> In Nature can he nowhere find.
> He sows himself on every wind.
>
> He seems to hear a heavenly Friend,
> And through thick veils to apprehend
> A labor working to an end.

VI

This in briefest possible compass, and with great gaps and omissions, is what I have called the deeper meaning of Plato's doctrine of Ideas or of creative ends. Whatever one may think of it as a cosmic philosophy, as an explanation of the world which we have on our hands, it at least admirably fits our ethical and spiritual life. In that sphere the Idea of the Good—the thing set before the mind as an end—is what makes good conduct. The cause is not something *a tergo,* it is an *a fronte* or attractive energy. The real things which fashion the soul, or as we should say, build the character, are the things which the soul loves and pursues and desires to realize. The wings of the soul, to use Plato's image, are fed by that which is True and Beautiful and Good. As Paul would say: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are attractive, whatsoever things are noble—all excellence and all merit—put your mind on these things." The whole aim of ethics, the entire business of philosophy, he makes Socrates say in the *Republic,* is to discover "how a man may spend his life to the best advantage"—*i.e.,* so that it will be the best possible

life. We are, Plato believed, in our essential spiritual nature kindred to that world which is revealed in the True, the Beautiful and the Good, and the business of life—its fundamental end—is to perfect the soul so that it itself may be beautiful within and harmonious with all that is beautiful, and thus it may rise from flux and shadow, from multiplicity and mutation to the World that is our home, our eternal country—the World of Spirit and Reality, which is God. The very ground of our capacity to return home, to find God, is in that spiritual nature in us, that noumenal self which had its rise in the noumenal world, where "beyond these voices there is peace."

The greatest interpreter of Plato, the man who organized his thought and fused and blended it with Aristotle and to a less degree with the Stoics, was Plotinus (205-269 A.D.), the real founder of Neo-Platonism. He belongs among the major spiritual prophets of all time. He was one of the greatest mystics that ever lived and he played a greater part in shaping the intellectual structure of Christian doctrine than did any other person outside the circle of New Testament influences. It was the philosophy of Plotinus which prepared Augustine, recently called, and rightly called, "the dominant figure in western Christianity," for his conversion and which furnished him with the intellectual framework and skeleton of his imperial system of Christian thought. It was also through Augustine and Pseudo-Dionysius, another Neo-Platonist turned Christian, that the great vital stream of mystical life and thought came over full flood into the Church of the later ages. Henceforth until modern times the Platonism of Europe was that which came through Plotinus, and Catholic doctrine and Catholic mysticism wove indissolubly into its seamless robe a mighty strand which came from this golden fleece. Plotinus' way of life begins

with the discovery that our universe is essentially a universe of Spirit (Nous), present in everything that is real. Our greatest moments are those "when we see ourselves as Spirit." Our main business here, for him, is finding our way up, from time and space and matter to that true world of Spirit to which we essentially belong, but there can be no progress—not a single advance step—until we know where we are going. Our beginning, therefore, as he somewhere says, consists in finding our end, having a clear vision of our proper goal. We should rise at once if we only knew what we truly *are,* that is what we are in our higher spiritual possibilities. This is what Wordsworth meant in his famous line, which I quoted in the former lecture,

> So build we up the being that we are.

We become what we contemplate.

That Platonic strand of thought, wherever it ran or emerged, whether in the fourth century, the thirteenth century or in the Renaissance period, brought to human consciousness the reality of a spiritual world, "with not much between us and it," as Plotinus said, and kindred to the soul of man. Wherever this insight was attained mystical experience followed and it became the fundamental end of life for man to be a partaker of the divine Nature and to be a denizen of the spiritual world. Under this spur and hope men left off pursuing pleasure as an end, stopped chasing ephemeral baubles and lived to mature and perfect the spiritual nature within them. Having found in their universe a basis for fundamental ends they "burned their way through the world" to realize them. Has not the time come for a fresh reinterpretation of this basis and for a rediscovery of that way of life?

CHAPTER III

FUNDAMENTAL ENDS OF LIFE IN THE GOSPELS

I

Christianity in its historical periods has always tended to become a system of thought. Its formative period came at a time when Gnostic cults with a strange fascination were claiming the attention of the world. It was the fashion then to put the emphasis on *Gnosis*—the knowledge element—though the word *Gnosis* meant a peculiar and specific type of knowledge. The apostolic mission of St. Paul brought the new religion at a very early stage into living and indissoluble relation with Greek thought. Its conquest of the shores of the Ægean Sea was one of its most wonderful spiritual victories, but it could not conquer these cities without being transformed. To win the Greek mind it had to adjust itself to the Greek genius. It had to meet and answer the intellectual questions of that age in terms which the Hellenic schools of thought had forged out. When once it had fused and blended, as in fact it was bound to do, with the most impressive intellectual culture of the ancient world, it proved to be difficult, we may as well say impossible, to withdraw from the strife of systems, ever more elaborate and contentious, and to restore the simple elemental way of life which Christ taught and lived along the shores of Gen-

nesaret. There seemed to be no road back from Ægean Christianity to Galilean Christianity, and the way forward involved, has always involved, an enormous tangle of intellectual problems. Christianity has thus throughout its history, with the irresistible maturing of the mind, been at grips with bottomless issues of thought.

It is useless to waste any time in vain regrets over the confusions, worse than that of tongues and wilderness wanderings, which this Ægean inheritance has entailed. Few things are more futile than to rail against the course which the historical past has taken, or to weep over it. In any case some other source of development, or peradventure no development, might have been worse. In fact it would have been a greater misfortune for Christianity to have remained wholly Galilean, which would have doomed it to be a local cult, confined to a small section of a single race. Nevertheless it is a tragedy that Christianity has been so excessively busy formulating its system of thought that it has given scant attention to a still deeper need of our nature—the need of discovering adequate ends of life to live for, especially when it was precisely that point upon which Christ focused His attention.

I suppose we should all admit that the deepest practical question which Christ raises is "What are men here in the world for?" If we could answer that question most of our other questions would be unimportant. But that is one of the searching "psychological tests" which few of us pass with high grades. Christ's answer to it in His own case reveals in an extraordinary way the outreaching, and the upward, dimensions of His life: "To this end was I born and for this cause came I into the world that I might bear witness to the truth." (John xviii, 37.) That is beyond doubt a fundamental end, and one which

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gave immeasurable length to His life and cumulative power, even though the earthly years of it came to an early terminus.

How few there are who at a crisis and without any preparation for the crucial moment could assess life in this decisive manner and see its meaning in such clear visibility: "For this cause came I into the world." If we spent half as much time settling such practical and fundamental issues as we do spend getting our position settled on abstract dogmas we should be more effective than we are in the moral and spiritual business of life. But we are still characteristically Ægean and only mildly Galilean.

When Christ spoke these great words, He was answering the question of a political official who asked superficially and perhaps scornfully: "What is truth?" and who was prepared only for a superficial and casual answer. The answer which was given insists that *truth* is something a person can *be,* something a life exhibits. And that takes us to the very heart of the religion of Christ. It is a religion of fundamental ends. It has to do with living, with making a life, and the central message of the Gospels is in terms of the purpose and scope and goal of such a life—that is, its end. All through the centuries of Christian history, as I have been saying, the focus of attention has been upon another aspect of truth. The guardians of Christianity—"that Sanhedrim which is always in session"—have been concerned with the formulation of it, as we have seen. One effect of this has been to reduce it to an intellectual system and to make it stabilized, if not *static.* The great battles have thus been battles of creeds—logomachies—not battles of life, and now our business is to call attention back to the religion of life, to religion as a way, a method, a spirit, a purpose;

to discover once more, to what end we were born and for what cause we came into the world.

To pass over from doctrine and forms, the things which have divided us, to a way of life which will unite us, does not mean that we are to be unconcerned about the historical facts of Christianity or about its central truths and their bearing upon what we think and what we believe, for all that is important. We shall be spiritually thin and flabby unless we have some constructive intellectual framework, some steadying body of ideas, but they must not be dogmatically constructed, they must not be "adopted" from the traditions of the past. They must be bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh. They must fit our present intellectual outlook and conform to all that we have learned to count as true. But, in any case, this thought-aspect of religion will not be the final one. Our terminus will not be doctrine but life, or doctrine only so far as it makes for the purposes of life. This is almost invariably Christ's order of sequence. He that *doeth the truth* comes into the light; he that willeth to do God's will attains to a knowledge of the doctrine; he that takes up his cross and follows Christ becomes his disciple. The truth which cannot be formulated and defined can be felt and acted and so built into a life.

II

What then does life mean and what is its end, in the fresh and wonderful teaching of the Gospels? One of the things which impresses me most when I go down into the deeps of the synoptic message is the way Christ wipes clean out all the calculations and double-entry bookkeeping of Jewish piety. He begins with a great emancipation,

an emancipation from the ancient system of merit and the balancing of justice. Life for Him is not estimated in terms of rewards and punishments. He does not count conduct good or bad according as it accumulates a surplus of pleasure or a surplus of pain. That for Him is not a conclusive test. In fact, with His arresting oriental emphasis, he reverses the old standards of calculation. He puts His beatitude upon suffering—"Blessed are they that mourn," and he utterly refuses to regard the lines of least resistance as paths of true success. He accepts the problem of Job, of Hosea, of Isaiah liii and takes the positive ground that suffering is one of the supreme factors in the spiritual process of life.

> The heart must bleed before it feels,
> The pool be troubled before it heals.

I am not unaware of the fact that there is a strand of eschatology in the Gospels, an eschatology which emphasizes rewards and punishments and which introduces once more the balance of justice for the great assizes. I leave to the historical critics the task of explaining how it came to be there and what relation it bears to Christ's way of life. It certainly is not easy to make the two strands consistent with each other; in fact many would go as far as to say that if we were to hold absolutely for consistency we should be compelled to eliminate one strand or the other. It seems like two different revelations of God; two fundamentally different conceptions of religion; two ways of life which run on divergent tracts. What I am insisting on for the moment is that the central contribution of Christ's message—the unique thing about it—is His presentation of a kind of life, a way of life which is an end in itself. The eschatological strand fitted the mental habits and expectations of the early centuries

and for hundreds of years it dominated Christian thought and Christian art, somewhat as Plato's *Timæus,* with its mythical and pictorial imagery, was the one Dialogue which came to stand in popular consciousness for the great philosopher, while the deeper and more spiritual strand had to wait for its turn. But the deeper spiritual strand is *there,* and it is unique and wonderful.

The fourth Gospel, which consciously or unconsciously is profoundly tinged with Platonic influence, makes *eternal life* the true end and goal of living. To have eternal life, to partake of it, to share in it, to enter into it, is to have found the real secret of life. Here again, the popular mind has injected ideas of eschatology and eternal life has been leveled down to mean "future life," *i.e.,* life as it will be in heaven, and the word "eternal" has taken on under the same influence a quantitative meaning and stands for a duration which lasts forever, a period of time which has no last day. It obviously does not mean that in the text. There, it stands for a way of living, a type of life. "This *is* eternal life," it is announced, "to know God," which, as the verb indicates, is an expanding and ever heightening experience. We are not pointed away to some other place, or to a time without terminus; we are raised to a new and more dynamic way of living, which carries its end in itself. To know the truth, to participate in the joy of loving, to be sanctified in the truth for the sake of others, is to be living eternal life. It is, in short, life like the divine Life, inexhaustible in depth, infinite in grace and goodness, abounding in joy and peace, and forever being enriched by its spontaneous self-giving and outreach. *"In Him,"* this great Christian prophet says, *"was Life,"* and again, He was "the way, the truth and the Life." In Him we see what life with all its possibilities really is. Here we

have expressed in personal terms something which is good, not because it is a *means* to something else that is believed to be good, but because it is at last the life we want for its own sake. Instead of going somewhere else to get what we seek, we need only to go down deeper into the experience which we now have and to enjoy it more adequately and expansively, just as the musician does not want something better than music, something of a different order; he only wants to enlarge his capacity of appreciation of music and his power to grasp the significance of the harmony of sounds.

When we turn back to the synoptic accounts it is true that we do not find the phrase "eternal life," *that* is peculiar to John, but we nevertheless find the word *life* used with all the implications that attach to John's phrase, and instead of finding less made of life as a fundamental end in the synoptic accounts we find even more made of it. To "enter into life" is an aim and purpose for which everything else is to be surrendered, or marked down to zero. If the right hand is a hindrance to this pursuit of life it is to be ruthlessly cut off and flung away. If the precious eyesight leads away from the true path that goes on into life, then the eye may well be blinded so that there may be no obstacle to living the life.[1] Nobody who has ever lived has put a greater emphasis than Jesus does on individual purpose, what we may call concentration of aim. He has a vivid phrase for it—"the single eye." If you are going to live His way, you must learn to focus. You must make up your mind what you are going to live for. You must fix upon the end of life which is to have your vote, your allegiance, your loyalty. If you do not know what you want and constantly wobble between two incompatible aims—God and Mammon—you arrive

[1] Matt. xviii, 8-9.

nowhere and you miss "life" while you are on the journey. "Where your treasure is there will your heart be also." (Matt. vi, 21.)

If your heart is not set with an undivided purpose, a single eye, it means that you have not found your treasure yet, you have not discovered your precious pearl, for which all other goods are to be sold. Once it is found, then uncertainty ceases, then you "let the dead bury the dead" and you pursue your one aim. "We needs must love the highest when we *see* it." It is well to note, too, in this connection that attention focuses severely on *action,* not on formulation of belief. Not words and phrases, not good resolves and happy insight, but deeds of will are what count. It is the rightly fashioned will and not the exercise of reflection that gets approval. "Ye *did* it not," is the ominous comment upon those who are unfit for the kingdom. The trouble with another group is that they never get beyond "the hallelujah chorus"—they content themselves with piously saying: "Lord, Lord." The laws of gravitation are no more invariable and searching than are the selective spiritual laws of life. The loosely founded house that goes down in the storm is only a figure of the same stern and inevitable consequences that follow moral and spiritual conditions.

Ye have read, ye have heard, ye have thought, and the tale is yet to run.
By the worth of the body that once ye had, give answer—what ha' ye done?

III

With characteristic oriental vividness secondary aims are treated as though they had no standing at all, no worth

whatever, when brought into rivalry with the one end that is inherently good. Houses and lands are to be left, brethren and sisters, father and mother, wife and children are to be forsaken, if the ends of life demand such sacrifice. In comparison with life itself no anxious care, no worry or strain is to be wasted upon the *means* of bodily living. *"The life is more than meat,"* life is more important than clothes, more to be considered than houses and barns. For the ministry of love the coat, the cloak, the shoes, the purse, the walking stick for fending off dogs—everything is to be discarded. Nothing is to be a rival to life. Nothing is to stand in the way of the pursuit of life. The most complete stripping, the uttermost sacrifice of "things," must be made in order to gain freedom for the attainment of life. The all must be given for the All. The whole "world," when it is set over against the soul's pursuit of its true end, becomes worthless and empty. There is no cup too bitter to be drained, there is no baptism of suffering too hard to be borne, if they lie along the way which must be traveled toward the goal of life and if they are involved in the end to be attained. The most powerful instincts can be reversed or conquered, the profoundest emotions can be overcome or sublimated by the new driving energy which springs from the vision of a great life-purpose—the discovery of the real meaning of life.

There is, however, no asceticism here. Christ never insists upon sacrifice for its own sake. He never calls any one to suffer just for suffering. He never asks anyone to lop off an arm or pluck out an eye in the hope that suffering earns merit. He is not the author of the theory that flesh is evil, that the happy life is contrary to the will of God, that possession of property is in itself wicked and that the enjoyment of friends and family is sinful.

There is none of that in His "good news," His Evangel. It is very easy to miss Christ's perspective of life and to assume too readily that He calls for world-flight and renouncement. "Take no thought for food, for clothes, for to-morrow" seems at first sight to cut under all temporal concern. But the real aim of the message is the elimination of fret and fuss and fume and worry. It is "anxious thought," not efficient thinking, which is condemned.

Few things spoil life more than do the useless "phobias," the unhealthy complexes, which underlie the mad and restless pursuit of secondary things. It would be an immense gain if we could get the quiet poise and power of balanced living—if we could be more natural like bird and lily! The secondary ends fall under reproof only when they take the first place in man's heart and call him away from the true end, which is increase of the depth and significance of life. This is the central meaning of that saying, more often repeated than any other: "Whosoever shall seek to save his life shall lose it and whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it." (Luke xvii, 33.) Thinking about health and safety, planning and plotting to save one's own skin, devising schemes for self-preservation, making survival the end and aim, are futile methods, with failure written all over them. Not thus is life saved. The valetudinarian who takes his weight twice each day, who thumbs his pulse and counts his calories, is not really ministering to life. His very self-consciousness defeats its purpose. The Pharisee's self-centered occupation with his own salvation ends in a shrunk and shriveled soul, which grows smaller the more painfully he tries to save it, as the pupil of the eye grows smaller the more light it receives.

On the other hand, when one becomes absorbed in an

adequate end of life, and with self-forgetfulness and *abandon* flings himself at it, counting no costs and calculating no balancing results, all unconsciously to himself he finds his capacities expanding, his powers increased, his creative skill enlarged, his energies released for action, his joy multiplied. He "comes to himself" as he never did when he was focusing his attention upon the narrow purpose of guarding and defending the little domain of his private self. Altruism and egoism are strangely entangled. It is never easy to say which is ascendant in a given action, but it is certain that sheer egoism kills as surely as an assassin's bullet does and that life fulfils itself only when one stops seeking to save it. Life that is worth living is heroic, daring, eager for risk and adventure. It does not creep and timorously watch itself; it mounts up on wings as eagles and forgets to calculate chances of safety.

The group of sayings which Matthew arranged in the form of a continuous sermon and which Luke divides into different discourses is our most important source of Christ's interpretation of the way of life which is its own end. In the "beatitudes" of this narrative the blessedness in every instance attaches not to a remote reward, but to the *kind of life* that is being lived. The blessedness is in each case something inherent and intrinsic, not something casual, capricious, magical or adventitious. It does not come at the terminus of life, it is an indissoluble quality of the life itself—to have that type of life is to have the blessedness. To be that kind of person is to be *felix*. To be "pure in heart" is to have a new kind of visual capacity the effect of which is to see God. The attainment is not a reward, any more than the enjoyment of great literature, or great music, or great love, is a reward to the person who has taken the necessary steps

that lead to such enjoyment. The reward of life is more life and deeper. The result attaches to the process and every stage of the advance has its corresponding experience of vision and of joy. Plotinus takes this same lofty ground when he says, speaking like a christian prophet, that if any man desires from a virtuous life anything beyond itself, it is not a virtuous life that he desires.[2]

"Peace-makers," who are living so as to make love prevail in the normal intercourse of human relationship, who meet situations with grace and understanding, who smooth away friction, who help others to see the way to unity and coöperation, who practise peace and make it an attractive method of life, who "speak no slander, no, nor listen to it," who try the way of love to the uttermost limit—and then a little more!—persons of that sort are "recognized" as children of God. Everybody can see that they have no ordinary pedigree. They do not spring from the strain we are most familiar with. They reveal another order than that of "struggle for existence" and the drive for "rights." But "reward" is not a suitable word to link up with such lives as that. They simply *are* that kind of persons, and their supreme reward is the satisfaction of having found that way of life. Every beatitude is like that in kind and essence. To hunger and thirst for goodness is the way to get it. It is achieved only by those who have a passion for it, and once more the attitude is its own reward. Christ with fine insight does not say that the righteous are blessed. He says that blessedness attaches to the eager *desire* for righteousness for *that* carries one on and ever on, without the ominous peril that goes with a near and easy terminus.

[2] Quoted from Dean Inge's *The Philosophy of Plotinus*, Vol. 11, p. 23.

Over against these inherent qualities of life Christ sets those achievements which are carried through with an eye on some cheap reward. Those for example who pray at street corners "to be seen of men" get their reward and that is the tragedy of it. The aim is on a near goal and the very attainment of it brings arrest and defeat of life. Those who proclaim their deeds of charity with a trumpet and make a show of their pious acts are to be intensely pitied just because they "get their reward." They arrive almost before they have started. They doom themselves to a curve that always comes back on itself and never starts out on any infinite stretches. Just here lies the difference between the secondary ends and the fundamental ones. The former terminate at a near and easy goal. They let the seeker down at a near point of arrest. He travels to his milestone and then repeats the operation. He is like the shuttle-train, moving within measurable limits, steady, safe, calculable, repeatable, reliable—but the station is so near!

That other type is vastly different. Something of the infinite and eternal is involved in all the undertakings of this greater sort. They leave mathematics behind and set forth for an end out of sight of landmarks and milestones. "How many times shall I forgive my brother?" one of the former class asks. He wants to know the limits. He desires to fix the terminus. He proposes "seven times" as a fine, full round number. After that forgiveness ceases and instincts shall have their turn. "No," Jesus said, "not seven times, but seventy times seven," which is a proverbial phrase for an uncountable number, "forty billion trillion," as children say. There is no terminus for the forgiving spirit. There is no frontier to love. There is no place where the gears shift from high to low. The whole business of this way of life comes to light in

the calm and simple words: you are to be perfect as your Father, God, is perfect. (Matt. v, 48.

There is something quite new, something wholly unique in this teaching. This is not eschatology. This is life. The goal is not a blissful heaven, where the soul unyokes from all labor and settles down to enjoy its reward in comfort and peace forever—its battles over, its crown won. The road of spiritual life stretches out—no longer a shuttle affair—like an asymptote approaching its curve. To become Godlike is the end. To love as He loves; to forgive as He forgives; to practise grace instead of rights and justice as He does; to love truth and beauty and goodness as He does—that is to live for fundamental ends, the ends for which we were made potentially infinite and eternal beings. There is no place to stand arrested and to receive the final reward—"Hers is the glory of going on and still to be."

IV

I have rather loosely implied that Christ calls men to a way of life that is *living to live*. It is easy to misinterpret that phrase and to take it with a weak and egoistic meaning. I mean by it first of all a way of life which is cumulative and leads on into ever expanding life, ever new dimensions of life, instead of leading the individual to stop satisfied with secondary, more or less illusory, rewards, which easily come to be themselves ends. But it means a great deal more than that, and we can discover what it really and fully means only when we take pains to see what *life,* in the thought of Christ, opens out into as it spiritually expands, evolves and develops. It begins like the infinitesimal germ of a mustard seed or a yeast

spore, but it has the capacity in it of becoming like God, and there appears to be no adequate goal for a spiritual being like us short of that amazing fulfillment of life. There is, however, no possibility of spiritual development toward any stage of perfection along the lonely track of egoism. To live so as to protect and preserve and maintain the rights and privileges of a solitary individual self is to put that poor thin self into peril and to expose it to mortal danger.

We no doubt once used to think of God as bent upon His own honor and glory, and as absorbed in His divine and perfect self—too holy to have any fellowship with sinful men on this low footstool of earth. But that view of God has gone, that is, it has gone for those who know Christ. It could not live a moment in the light of Christ's revelation. Here in that revelation He is a God of grace whose supreme glory is the giving of self in love and tenderness for just such impotent beings as we sinful men are. The conception of Him as an exalted sovereign, always jealous of His dignity and honor, has no place in Christ's thought. Christ's God is not a sovereign; He appears rather as a loving Father whose very inherent nature and character carry Him into suffering over the sins, defects and blunders of His children, make Him ready and eager to sacrifice for their sake and bring Him into the closest inter-relationship and love with beings like us who can be made fully spiritual only by such divine giving and sharing and loving. And thus "to be like God" is to be living a way of life that kills selfishness, obliterates egoism and carries one who seriously intends to live "this way" into self-forgetting and sacrificial deeds of action, though "sacrifice" is not quite the right word to describe deeds done joyously out of sheer love and devotion according to the law and method of the spiritual way of life.

The law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus is a way of radiance and loyalty which expresses His life more truly than the harsh word "sacrifice" does.

V

We can see best, I think, what this kind of life means when we see how it normally and naturally *emerges* as a kingdom of God and not as a solitary undertaking. All of the greatest teachers of life have insisted that the personal life must find itself and fulfil itself in a larger group. Plato's *Republic* is the classical attempt to tell how the *microcosm,* which the individual is, must be seen and studied in the *macrocosm* of a social whole. Aristotle in the same way sees every ethical trait and virtue of "the good man" revealed in and through relationships with others. He considers one man alone as no man at all. This social group-idea has become as essential to our present-day theories of ethical goodness as gravitation is to physics. It is, too, indissolubly bound up with the meaning and fulfillment of the Galilean way of life. *Living to live* is living as an organic part of a kingdom, a fellowship, which expresses in visible and temporal fashion, in ever-growing and unfolding degrees, the will of God—the heart and purpose and spirit of the divine Life. Here in this kingdom God's life differentiates itself and pours itself through finite lives as the sap of the vine pours itself out into all the branches and twigs and shoots which go together to make the vine a vine. It is the vast ygdrasil tree of a spiritual humanity. The kingdom, even in its imperfect stage as we now see it—still a good deal of a mustard seed—is the most impressive revelation of God there is in the world to-day. It is the only way that the

will and life and love of God can be fully revealed. In this emergent group-life, where love comes more fully into play than it does anywhere else, we catch some gleams of the Great Life that works through us now and some prophecies of that kingdom which shall be when all men see what a few see now.

Life culminates in forms of organism, in which the whole is always greater than the sum of the parts. The kingdom of God is the highest form of such organism that has yet emerged—a *corpus spirituale,* "a blessed community"—a living whole in which part contributes to part, and all the parts unitedly coöperate to express the life of the whole. Each member is both end and means, an end in itself and a means to the fulfillment of the life and purpose of the whole. We are as far removed here as we can be from a scheme of life which focuses upon rewards or which aims to secure an excess of pleasures over pains. In fact we have transcended categories of calculation and even of causation and have entered into that organic way of life, where each lives for all and where the interpretation of the Life of the Whole is the business and at the same time the joy of each unit-member. The formation of such a kingdom, life in such a kingdom, is the fundamental end of life for Christ, as set forth in the Gospels. The length of His purpose horizontally is the inclusion of all men in such a coöperative brotherhood and the height of it upward is the raising of all men to a full consciousness of sonship with God, in a family-fellowship, living to do His will. Here, once more, the emphasis of Christ is on life and action, not on theory and definition. The kingdom of God is something men *do*—not a place to which they go. The model prayer asks for the kingdom of God to come and instantly explains it by adding, "thy will be *done* on earth." That *is* the king-

dom, and we are in it when we are allied with God in making His will come to deed throughout the earth, or here in our little fraction of it.

All this no doubt sounds remote, speculative and dreamy. The scientist will say that such things are not in the domain of *matters of fact* and that we are pushing into a region for which we have no data, no laws and categories. In a later lecture I shall point out that "values" supply just as solid a foundation for us to build upon as "facts" do and that there are laws and categories operating in this domain of the spirit which are just as trustworthy as the categories of mathematics are. There is, too, an abundance of *data* to show that this organic, spiritual way of life *works* and verifies itself as demonstrably true as the theory of gravitation is. It must be remembered that science itself is very young as a human discipline. It had few tested data and almost no verified universal laws three hundred years ago. Its immense progress during these last three centuries is due to the fact that a true scientific basis was found and a sound *method* was hit upon. After that stage was reached every discovery led to another discovery, every truth pointed the seeker forward to further truth and so the vast and authoritative system of science has been slowly built up. In the sphere of religion we have been contented to go on capriciously and without any serious effort to lay the foundations of religion deep and solid, upon a true basis and a sound method. If we ever do succeed in that foundational work so that religion, like science, will henceforth mature and unfold by a similar irresistible process, it will be no longer an iridescent thing haunting the clouds, it will become a steady illumination and inspiration in all the routine and complexity of daily life.

The fundamental basis and that constructive method

upon which the Universal religion of the future is to be built will eventually be found, I am confident, in the elemental nature of man's soul. We shall find out why man is incurably religious, why he has eternity in his heart, why he is restless until he rests in God. This deep basis and center will be found not so much in the fact that man has infinite capacity for *thought* as that he is so made that he must have an adequate end of life. Nothing breaks down physical life more quickly than the failure to find an appealing end to live for. Man is forever seeking to find the whole of himself, but his sporadic quests lead him off on trails that end in some *cul-de-sac,* or, as Emerson would say, "up a tree in a squirrel hole." His subordinate ends bring and have always brought frustration, disillusionment and defeat. Let him once find the real end for which his nature is equipped and he can live thrillingly and triumphantly. That real end, according to the Christ of the gospels, is the kingdom of God, a spiritual organism, a fellowship of persons, bound together in coöperative love and forming in union with God the tissue and web of the spiritual World—the eternal Universe. To this end were we born and for this cause we came into the world that we might bear witness to this reality and that we might reveal its laws, its principles, and its serene and demonstrative power.

CHAPTER IV

THE KINGDOM OF ENDS IN KANT

I

One of our most interesting questions relates to the rôle which the active will plays in the sphere of knowledge. Is man merely a spectator who looks out upon an existent world already *there,* and reporting itself to him precisely as it is, *or* is man himself a creative factor in all his mental operations? This, like all my questions, is a very ancient one and an elaborate and complicated vocabulary has been coined for the discussion of it. I shall neglect these technical terms as far as possible and throw what I have to say into vital and current phrase, but I want to remind my hearers and readers that we are here engaged upon a problem which goes down to the nether foundations of our mental disposition and structure.

Locke, Berkeley and Hume, the three greatest British names in the history of modern philosophy, all agree that knowledge is entirely built up out of sensational units and copies of them. They have different names for these units and their copies, and they arrive at diverse conclusions about the origin of the units, but in the last analysis the mind for them *has* and *can have* only what it receives or reproduces. Locke was a "realist," Berkeley a "mentalist," and Hume a "phenomenalist," but they were all three empiricists, insisting that the supreme function of

the mind is to receive, to report, and to be a spectator of what is already there. The implications of their thinking soon played havoc with the settled convictions of men, and they awoke Kant from his long period of "dogmatic slumber," as he himself called it. The intellectual world had come to an *impasse* and there was no way forward along any of the existing trails. Once more, as in the time of Socrates, a new way of approach to the entire problem of knowledge had to be discovered or the world was doomed for a long period to flounder in a welter of scepticism and doubt. Goethe, a child of his age, is describing this collapse of the intellectual and moral house of life in the famous song of the earth spirit, in Faust:

> Thou hast destroyed it,
> The beautiful world,
> With powerful fist:
> In ruin 'tis hurled,
> By the blow of a demigod shattered!
> The scattered
> Fragments into the Void we carry,
> Deploring
> The beauty perished beyond restoring.

It was Kant who found the new way of approach, who began a new epoch and became a water-shed from which all the streams of human thought have flowed ever since. He saw that if the intellectual and moral world was to be rebuilt it must be rebuilt within man's own inner self—

> Mightier for the sons of men
> Brightlier build it again;
> In thy own bosom
> Build it anew.

It must be rebuilt by the discovery of a more solid foundation in the essential nature of man's total mental structure,

and to this noble task with heroic patience he devoted the remainder of his life.

Kant was compelled to work all his life with poor intellectual tools. Psychology in our sense of the word was not born yet. The rationalism of the period of "enlightenment" which formed the intellectual climate of the age was a dry, arid thing, and Kant tended, by a necessity of the situation to cut the mind up, and incidentally the universe, too, into abstract divisions much like water-tight compartments—which once sundered could not be restored again to organic unity any more than Solomon could have united the parts of the baby which he proposed to sever for the contending mothers. But a genius of the highest order can, as Dante did, force a very stubborn system of thought to take new shape and can make very imperfect language become the bearer of an immortal spiritual message. Kant was a genius of that type and his three critiques and his other contributions to critical philosophy have worked one of the greatest spiritual revolutions in human history. James Ward, in his fresh study of Kant, says what is the plain fact, that "no philosophers, not even Plato or Aristotle, can claim such a volume of literature, expository, philological and polemical, as that which relates to Kant." [1] His interpretation of the universe and of man's mind has been the most impressive and creative one since Plato's and it has been more profoundly debated than has that proposed by any other thinker.

We cannot stop where he stopped; we cannot perhaps take over any of his conclusions as final, but we can never safely neglect him or leave him out of account in our thinking. As Josiah Royce so well puts it, Kant is "a sort of John Brown of our century of speculative warfare"—

[1] *A Study of Kant*, p. 1.

though he himself died, his soul goes marching on through the whole of it. It would be difficult to pick out a passage which reveals more completely the capricious waywardness and the philosophical limitation of my beloved teacher, William James, than the following one from his address before the Philosophical Union of the University of California in 1898: "Kant's mind is the rarest and most intricate of all possible antique bric-a-brac museums, and connoisseurs and dilettanti will always wish to visit it and see the wonderful and racy contents. The temper of the dear old man about his work is perfectly delectable. And yet he is really—although I shrink with some terror from saying such a thing before some of you here present—at bottom a mere curio, a 'specimen.' I mean by this a perfectly definite thing: I believe that Kant bequeaths to us not one single conception which is both indispensable to philosophy and which philosophy either did not possess before him, or was not destined inevitably to acquire after him through the growth of men's reflection upon the hypotheses by which science interprets nature. The true line of philosophic progress lies, in short, it seems to me, not so much *through* Kant as *round* him—to the point where we now stand. Philosophy can perfectly well outflank him and build herself up into adequate fulness by prolonging more directly the older English lines." [2] There speaks the undisillusioned radical empiricist and there, too, is revealed in "the old English line," the pedigree of James' system of thought. He gave us most inspiring leadership in psychology, but he could not construct a philosophy adequate for the profound problems of the modern world. If instead of treating the immense contribution of critical philosophy as a negligible "loop" he had dug his way down to its bedrock and had thor-

[2] James' *Collected Essays and Reviews*, pp. 436-7.

oughly grasped its significance, how much greater would have been the permanent value of the brilliant work of this beloved friend of ours.

Kant set out, as everybody knows, to discover how *knowledge* is possible, meaning by knowledge not a series of contingent items of fact, but a type of knowledge which is universal, absolute and necessary, involving a transition from *is* to *must be*. The essential condition of such knowledge as that, he concludes, is to be found in the nature and structure of mind itself. Here we come upon Kant's most revolutionary position, what he himself called his Copernican revolution. He passes over from the thin hypothesis of mind as recipient to the thick hypothesis of mind as a creative factor in all experience, from mind as spectator to mind as organizer and builder. But though he puts mind at the center, nevertheless he utterly refuses to be rushed all the way into the position of idealism. Mind is a creative factor, but only a factor. There are two strands of knowledge: (1) what the mind receives through sense as the "matter" of experience and (2) the native form or constitutive capacity of the mind itself from which comes the constant, universal and necessary aspect of knowledge. A mind which was receptive alone could tell at the most only what *is occurring,* never what must happen. Kant's diagnosis is a searching examination to discover what must be the form, structure, disposition and native capacity of a mind that is to know the truth, or to choose the good, or to pursue the beautiful.

At every stage of rational procedure he finds the ground and foundation of all our intellectual and moral achievement in the *constitutive structure of mind itself,* in those fundamental capacities which are the essential conditions presupposed in all human experience. Space and time, for instance, are not got through the empirical

process of perception, since space and time are primary conditions which must be presupposed for apprehending any object at all as an object of experience. Nor, again, can we account for the absolute certainty of pure mathematical truth and for our power to go beyond experience and to lay down universal laws for future spatial determinations except on the basis that space is involved in the very constitution of human reason. Kant arrives at his conclusion about space and time by critical procedure rather than by psychological methods, but many psychologists of the present day have been led to similar conclusions by the latter methods, though at the present moment, it must be said, no unanimity among psychologists has been attained on the questions at issue. Those who accept what is known as the psychic-stimulus theory of space hold that the capacity for spatial perception is nativistic, that is, laid down in our innate constitution, and that our recognition of spatial attributes is achieved by mental activity, an activity inherent in the essential structure of our minds. Space is somehow "born" when the mind is occupied with sense-experience as water is "born" through the contact of hydrogen and oxygen.

On the next higher level of experience, the level of *thinking,* or understanding as Kant calls it, we are once more forced to acknowledge that we can attain certainty and necessity only on the presupposition that the mind is furnished with a well-made structure and disposition from which spring the linkages or thought-forms which weave our items of experience into a single unified, synthetic web of knowledge. Kant has in his philosophic *patois* an uncouth name for this central function of mind. He calls it "the transcendental unity of apperception," by which he means that there is a structural synthetic capacity, inherent in the nature of human reason, by which

every fact and event of rational experience is woven into one living whole, through the persistent unity of a permanent self. Nothing is known or can be known until it is unified in one organic tissue of knowledge and apprehended by one identical self, so that consciousness of objects is absolutely conditioned by the unity of self-consciousness. Its mighty synthetic activities, which Kant calls "categories," enable rational experience of the world to be treated as universal and predictable.

It should perhaps be said that this whole section of Kant's work—his metaphysical deduction of the categories—is full of pedantry and logical artifice. As Norman Smith well says, "His exposition is throughout controlled by foreknowledge of the particular categories which he desires to discover." [3] The fact that he found no category of end was due to the fact that he did not "look" for one. His universe of the categories is stiff, rigid and static—a finished and stabilized world, not one in the making, not a world with values, and yet it remains forever true that our world is always a world about which we use the relation of higher and lower, of better and worse, *i.e.*, a relation of value. Kant was, as I have implied, hampered in a multitude of ways and he often made his problem more difficult than it was, but we may nevertheless be thankful for the luminous trail which he marked.

Everything which can be dealt with on this level of understanding must of necessity by the very nature of the categories be limited and conditioned, but there is within our minds, on a still higher level, or storey, a native capacity—which Kant calls Reason—to push out beyond the boundaries and limits of every finite experience. Whatever is before the mind as an object is at the same time transcended by the mind. There is a *beyond*—a

[3] *A Commentary to Kant's Critique*, p. 193.

more yet—bound up with the essential nature of human reason. There are no pastures within which we can graze with contentment. By an irresistible push of reason we leap all fences and pursue the *more yet* always implied in what we have before us. In all our important mental operations we continually employ, in fact are rationally compelled to employ, certain ideal unities, or ideas of totality, greater than anything we have yet experienced, or perhaps can experience. We find ourselves rationally bound to presuppose a unified and permanent self, which vastly transcends in range and uniqueness anything and everything that we can experience or categorize. We always, again, presuppose a unity and totality to all the phenomena of the universe which no finite experience could possibly verify. But we cannot without peril of insanity admit for a moment that there are "isolated facts," uncoördinated phenomena or that this so-called world is peradventure a "multiverse," made up of unrelated bunches of stuff, "insane sand heaps." Finally we insist in all our rational endeavors upon a still more inclusive unity—the absolute unity of all that is real, though from the nature of the case we can "experience" no such tremendous totality—a totality which includes God and ourselves. I am not concerned for the moment with Kant's conclusion that "knowledge" must be limited to what can be "categorized" and that these ideal totalities of reason are to be regarded as regulative functions of experience and not constitutive ones, that is to say that we cannot live rationally without going beyond our categories, but at the same time we cannot prove that there *is* any beyond! What I am mainly interested in now is the type of mental or spiritual self which Kant's diagnosis furnishes us. It is, as we see, a self of vast dimensions and possessed of immense native capacities

and functions by which all our knowledge at every stage, and through all the ascending storeys of it, is determined and colored, so that in a very genuine sense Shelley is justified in saying,

> Life, like a dome of many colored glass,
> Stains the white radiance of eternity.

II

But when Kant turns from his critical study of mind in its knowledge capacity to mind in its moral activities he still more enlarges the scope and grandeur of its dimensions. Here, again, I am not so much concerned with Kant's illuminating treatment of "faith" as I am with the kind of self which he finds to be presupposed in the essential nature of the moral will of man. The moral will, *i.e.*, the good will, is for him the supreme thing, the only absolutely good thing, in our universe, or in any conceivable universe that is rational. Stars are sublime, but the moral will of the man who wills the good is even more sublime.

> So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
> So near is God to man,
> When duty whispers lo, thou must,
> The youth replies, I can.

The momentous feature of this moral will is its capacity of transcending the world phenomena. It can and does go out beyond what is. It constructs by its own autonomous capacity ideals of the world as it ought to be and then it proceeds by action and deed *to make that world come real.* Here for Kant lies the very basis of morality. Practical reason, *i.e.*, the moral will, furnishes its own

ends to itself, overtopping everything which the phenomenal world presents as fact, and it determines its act, not by its subjective wish or desire, not by its calculation of results, but by the Idea of the world as it ought to be. It is easy to see that there is no principle of universal validity to be found in our impulses or our desires. They are individualistic and capricious, to say the least, contingent. If we are to find any universally valid law of moral action it must be found in the essential nature of reason, in what Kant calls a *categorical imperative,* a law which reason gives to itself always and everywhere, the only motive being reverence for the law itself and loyalty to its command.

Kant's statement of this imperative, this unconditional ought, takes the only form it could take: "So act that the maxim of thy will can always and everywhere be made a universal law of action," *i.e.,* so act that you could always universalize your principles of action. As this law is universal and as its only motive is reverence, reverence for the law itself and for the autonomous person who wills the law, Kant thinks that it can be translated into a new and more concrete form: "So act that you treat humanity, whether in your own person or in the person of another, always as an end never as a means"—never use a person as a tool.

This moral will of man is the most august and the most creative thing in us. It is through our capacity to will the *good* that we make our creative contribution. On the level of external experience we must accept what is laid down for us. We cannot create an atom or invent a new energy. We can only report and describe what is *there* in the world as it is. But in the moral sphere we can help create and produce the world that ought to be. There appears to be something in us that belongs to a deeper

universe than the one in space, and we touch here the primal and supreme thing in our being, and that unconditional moral capacity in us carries with it immense implications—Freedom, Immortality, and God.

I shall not of course try to make Kant strictly consistent with himself. That would be a futile and abortive adventure. I shall not furthermore endeavor to disguise the thin and abstract ghosts which again and again flit across the footlights of the stage in his ethical system. He endeavors—in vain—to get a great ethical life out of bare reason. He strips away the emotions and the sentiments and then he strives to conjure out of this cold, bloodless abstraction the beautiful Aladdin's palace of a rich spiritual life. I do not propose to conceal, if I could, the sharp and impossible cleavages which he introduces between reason and desire on the one hand and between the phenomenal and noumenal world on the other, as though they were two worlds. It was an age of neat compartments and we must not expect a man, genius though he is, to be lifted bodily out of his environment and to be catapulted into the intellectual climate of an unborn age. He has his curious and, it must be said, devious, ways of arriving at his epoch-making hits, but after all, there they are. It takes some conjury no doubt to evoke out of an abstract universal law the great concrete principle—"treat every person as an end, never as a tool," but the important point is that that attitude of moral grandeur and sublimity does spring essentially out of the rational nature and the spiritual disposition of man. Every man in his moral capacity carries within himself the power to rise above what has been achieved by himself and by others, above what his instincts and propensities incline him to do, above all that is done for reward and recompense, and

to take by his own creative spiritual insight a new step forward toward *what ought to be.* That capacity for the *vision of ought* is man's distinctive mark. It links him up to a world of a higher order than the world of things. It has the primacy among all of man's powers. It indicates that he belongs to the noumenal order—the world of ultimate reality—that he is at least in his deeper self autonomous and free, that he is dowered with capacity for immortality and that his real world is at the same time God's world, *i.e.,* a world of spiritual values.

Here is a memorable passage in which Kant, while admitting that the speculative *proofs* for immortality fail, points out forcibly that there is something in the moral and spiritual nature of our human reason that irresistibly carries us beyond proofs or the need of proofs. "Reason," he says, "as a practical faculty by itself, is justified in extending the system of ends and with it our own existence, beyond the limits of experience and of life. According to *the analogy with the nature* of living beings in this world, in which reason must necessarily admit the principle that no organ, no faculty, no impulse, can be found, as being either superfluous or disproportionate to its use, and therefore purposeless, but that everything is adequate to its destination in life, man, who alone can contain in himself the highest end of all this, would be the only creature excepted from it. For his natural dispositions, not only so far as he uses them according to his talents and impulses, but more especially the moral law within him, go so far beyond all that is useful and advantageous in this life, that he is taught thereby * * * to esteem the mere consciousness of righteousness beyond everything else, feeling an inner call, by his conduct in this world and a surrender of many advantages, to render

himself fit to become the citizen of a better world which exists now in his idea only." [4]

James Ward in his *Realm of Ends* (p. 415) has interpreted in a fanciful way this extension of our rational expectations beyond the range of our experience, though it may sound too Lamarckian for a present day scientist. "There was little," he says, "in all the wisest fish could know, to justify the belief that there was more scope for existence on the earth than in the water, or to show that persistent endeavors to live on land would issue in the transformation of his swimming-bladder into lungs. And before a bird had cleaved the air there was surely little, in all that the most daring of saurian speculators could see or surmise, concerning that untrodden element, to warrant him in risking his neck in order to satisfy his longing to soar; although, when he did try, his forelimbs were transformed to wings at length, and his dim prevision of a bird became incarnate in himself."

III

This world of the higher order which is forecast in the call of our moral will Kant, in a sudden flash of insight, called "the kingdom of ends." He was always as parsimonious in his use of ideals as he was penurious in the expenditure of his small stock of money, and he never followed up his insight with adequate interpretation. The kingdom of ends is a spiritual commonwealth, a beloved community of persons who recognize each other not as means but as ends and whose common life is thus built up by mutual loyalty to the highest moral laws revealed

[4] *The Critique of Pure Reason*, translated by Max Müller (edition of 1896), pp. 803-4.

within them all. It is the society of persons as it would be if we all stopped living by utilitarian and instrumental standards and went to living by love, mutual respect and the persistent purpose to promote to the fullest extent in our power the potential capacities of personality in everybody. It is obviously an ideal society, very slowly being built, like the Kingdom of God, but it is one whose foundation, structure and laws are laid down in the essential nature of our rational being as free citizens of a spiritual world.

Moral obligation, therefore, for Kant is significant not so much for the specific deeds it leads to as for the fact that it reveals a deeper universe to which the moral man belongs. Through the forms of reason which are native capacities in us we coöperate, as we have seen, in building up the world of science, the world causally ordered in space and time, but as moral beings, obedient to commands of duty, we discover a world of a wholly different order, an ideal world, a world of free wills, of holy purposes, and which rests for its stability and for its ultimate triumph on a permanent and unvarying Good Will grounded in the deepest nature of the universe itself. We can live in either world equally well—the world ruled by fixed mechanical causation or the world of ends under ideals, as unique and creative persons; in the world of space and time or in the world of the Spirit of life where personality comes full into play. Only through persons of moral will and capacity does this deeper world reveal itself. There is no hint of this deeper universe.

> In world or sun
> Or eagle's wing or insect's eye.

Only in beings who act not because they are pushed, but because they resolve to create what ought to be, does the

Spirit break through and give glimpses of the living Will at the Heart of things. If this estimate of personality is the right one and we are, or at least can be, actually personal organs of a moral Will working at the center of things, we see at once that our main business here in the world is not making things, nor, as Emerson would say, "just wearing out our boots!"—it is to be creators of value. We are most like God when we help to make goodness triumph, whether it be in our own lives or in the lives of others. But we cannot do this in any great and effective sense, unless we are possessed with the conviction that it is a moral and spiritual universe in which *values are conserved.* We grant conservation of matter and we assume conservation of energy, but we must go one step farther and build upon a deeper universe of Spirit which conserves values. It must not be a world in which each good man lives to make some other man a good person while in the end all these coöperant laborers and all the fruits of their work go to wreck on the shoals of death and are merely:

> Blown about the desert dust
> Or sealed within the iron hills.

No, the eternal Nature of things must be *moral,* must be intelligent and purposeful, and must *back* our costly dedication to ends that are good.

IV

Perhaps, furthermore, though Kant gives no warrant for such a guess, there is an indication of a kingdom of ends breaking through and dimly revealing itself in the entire cosmic movement. More and more it grows clear

that the universe—the universe of space and time—has some sort of *dramatic significance,* though it was not much in evidence in Kant's day. It seems not merely to have come from somewhere, but it seems just as certainly to be going somewhere. It has been so far, all the way, upward-moving, a developing system. Short reviews do not give us much ground for the establishment of a law of progress. Sometimes for brief periods there are reverse curves and back-washes. But as soon as we take long sweeps we find an unmistakable upward curve. Every stage from the lowest to the highest seems like a preparation for the next stage. The "mutations" and the novel "emergents" in the series of living things have on the whole—in the long run, as we say—ministered to onward progress. The curve has been spiral and "ever not quite" a circle. Life does not come back on its tracks—it goes on. We may not say with dogmatic assurance that all the long historic processes of physics, astronomy, geology and biology were all the time aiming at *us* and our better successors—persons who live by ideals and ends of good will—but anyhow the universe has produced us and is on its way to improve upon the venture, and we should all hesitate to explain our arrival on the scene as the result of millions of blind accidents or happy hits in cosmic dice-throwing. No one yet seriously suggests that the Iliad and Odyssey may very well have been produced by the random throwing of bags of Greek letters which boys in their play strewed capriciously along the sands of the beach until one boy chanced in his throw to make this happy poetic hit that has been ascribed to "Homer" and that has so charmed all the ages since! But the dramatic sequences of the lines of Homer are as nothing when compared with the dramatic significance that has been unfolding through the cosmic processes and the historical movements, from the amœba up, that

have culminated in spiritual persons whose present capacities predict persons of a vastly higher order—"the crowning race

> Of those that, eye to eye, shall look
> On knowledge; under whose command
> Is earth and earth's, and in their hand
> Is Nature like an open book;
>
> No longer half akin to brute,
> For all we thought and loved and did,
> And hoped, and suffer'd, is but seed
> Of what in them is flower and fruit."

It seems as though all through the process *man was being made,* as though the accumulation of gains was purposeful, as though the deeper world—the real world—was breaking through at last at epoch-moments in the drama and as though ends, and not merely antecedent causes, were operative. I do not say, in the words of Walt Whitman, that "a single thread holds the whole congeries of things, all history, all time and all events like a leashed dog in the hand of a hunter." I do not assert that every event in the universe is being dragged as by the hair of its head toward some already existing goal. All I claim, with a parsimony equal to Kant's, is that the universe *seems* to have a deep-lying spiritual center, that a dramatic purpose *seems* to be revealed in the long processes of time, that ends as well as causes *seem* to be operating and that there *seem* to be gleams and intimations of some "far off divine event

> To which the whole creation moves."

V

Through his immensely important study of Beauty and Purpose in the *Critique of Judgment,* his crowning work,

Kant concludes that the "two worlds"—the phenomenal world with its mechanical laws, and the noumenal world of spirit and freedom—are not two different worlds but one world got through different forms of apprehension. There are many things which we experience that will not submit to mechanical categories. All organisms in which the whole is greater than the sum of the parts, all objects of beauty and sublimity, all of the purposive activities of nature, the universe of life and history in so far as it is dramatic—these are certainly super-mechanical. They can be dealt with adequately only in terms of an end toward which they point. It is thus possible, Kant concludes, to conceive that there is one immanent spiritual Reality, an inner Life of things, binding All that Is together into one organic unity. With our forms of space and time and our categories of quantity and causality we break up into piecemeal parts what we experience, while this deeper spiritual Life—this divine Reality—if there were such a Reality, would experience all things together in wholes, as we do when we appreciate beauty and discover purpose. We have no means of proving that there is such an inner spiritual core within the mighty frame of things but if in truth there *were* it would solve our problems and reconcile our difficulties. So long as we content ourselves with being speculative beings we rest our case there, we cannot cross the boundary of this IF, but the moment we bring *the whole of ourself* into the arena of life and undertake to act as moral beings, we must proceed *as though* we knew what in some sense transcends our range of knowledge. We must take life as a significant thing which guarantees and verifies its necessary implications. This is the famous principle of *Als Ob,* the decision to proceed in our moral and spiritual adventures with absolute assurance that we can trust the eternal Nature of

things. It is, one sees, a heroic measure. It is a battle principle. It is a strenuous gospel. It takes the implications of our inmost moral and spiritual nature very seriously and launches out to sea upon them. As Royce very well puts it: "This determination of ours it is that seizes hold upon God, just as the courage of the manly soul *makes* life good, introduces into life something that is there only for the activity of the hero, finds God because the soul has wrestled for His blessing, and then has found after all that the wrestling *is* the blessing. God is with us only because we choose to serve our ideal of Him *as if* He were present to senses. His kingdom exists because we are resolved that, so far as in us lies, it shall come. In this sign we conquer. This is the victory that overcometh the world, not our intuition, not our sentimental faith, but our live, our moral, our creative faith." [5]

This eloquent passage perhaps somewhat overstates Kant's principle, though much less so than William James' celebrated essay, "The Will To Believe." The restrained and parsimonious philosopher never offers something for nothing. He encourages no man to expect to build his beautiful world or his kingdom of heaven or of ends out of dreams or wishes or hopes. He calls upon us only to trust our deepest moral nature, the imperatives that are built into the native structure of ourselves, and to assume that they are sound revelations of an eternal Nature of things. We can because we ought. We may count as true all that is involved in the moral vision of what ought to be.

VI

The major contention of this chapter has been that man cannot be reduced to the humble rôle of spectator, merely

[5] *The Spirit of Modern Philosophy*, p. 117.

watching the vast complex forces and the multifarious processions of a mysterious world sweeping by; he is rather a co-maker and builder of his world. He is never merely recipient of something transmitted to him *ab extra*. Whatever is true for him bears unescapably the brand and mark of his mental factory; it is grist which has been ground through his psychological mill. The objects which he gets, the world in which he lives, will forever be touched and colored by the native structure and disposition of the mind by which he apprehends his truth. He can as easily run away from his shadow as he can slough off or shed the mental forms that are stamped upon all the processes of his thought and knowledge. Not alone in the sphere of creative art and in the task of building ideal kingdoms is he himself a factor to be reckoned with, but even in the coldest regions of exact mathematics, and in the soberest and most rigid sphere of things as they are, the mental mill makes its important contributions to what it seems calmly and passively to grind out. "Pure insight and logic," William James once said, "whatever they might do ideally, are not the only things that really do produce our creeds"—and, we may add, *our facts as well.*

We cannot at this stage of psychological knowledge intelligently conceive of cognitive processes as uninfluenced by attitude, by interest, by emphasis of attention, by intent, though usually we are not aware that we are *doing anything* to shape or color what our senses receive or our minds think. The knowledge seems to come to us ready-made. It is, however, never ready-made. It always owes something to *us.* Selective activity marks all mental life. The senses themselves are instruments of selection but disposition, temper, temperament, instincts, emotions, sentiments are all selective tendencies and all operate as great sorting energies of life. "Conation" is one of our most

important psychological terms. It covers a multitude of active tendencies. It stands for all those deep-lying propulsive forces in us which are present in every mental operation. It is, as James Ward says, "the fundamental fact of life." [6] It is the central nucleus both of the mental and the moral self. It is the very core of our personal identity, of our sense of meaning, of our capacity for memory, of our character. If we lost the experience of striving for purposive ends, of pursuing goals, of anticipating what has not yet happened and acting for it, we should at the same time lose ourselves. Conation of some type and in some degree underlies all cognition of objects and all that we ever mean by the great word truth. Knowledge is an activity, not a *state*. Truth, with all its implications of universality and eternal permanence, is not shot into the mind from outside, but, like everything else born within us, bears the marks of that underlying conative disposition of our essential nature which indicates that we belong forever, even in our most trivial operations, to a realm of ends.

This realm of ends is then essentially a spiritual world, in which finite minds unite and coöperate with the supreme Will of Goodness. Through the vision and call of "what ought to be," we rise above the natural, the given, the world that has been made, and we become creative builders of the city of God, the spiritual universe.

[6] *Realm of Ends*, p. 415.

CHAPTER V

MYSTICAL EXPERIENCE AS AN END

I

I HAVE been maintaining in these lectures that the fundamental end of life is living—living the fullest and most expansive life for which we are made. Different types of persons will hold different views regarding the "way" to arrive at this goal, and also regarding the test-marks and evidence that one has arrived, or at least is moving toward it. The greatest of the Greek teachers found the consummation of life in *contemplation,* an experience in which the individual feels that he beholds and enjoys supreme and ultimate Goodness—he has touched finality. Nothing else, they believed, enlarged and expanded the human soul as that experience does, nor did anything else in the same degree fit the inward capacities of the soul or so completely glorify and beautify it. Socrates possessed in an extraordinary fashion the sustained power of contemplation. Plato made it the goal of his entire philosophy. Aristotle raised above all other human powers what he called "theoria," which is the capacity in man to see, to behold, to contemplate, Reality. Everything that exists, Aristotle held, in its own way longs for the Divine and desires to share in the Divine Life, but only the highest Reason in man has the capacity to behold and enjoy that Divine Life. Plotinus, too, even beyond

his forerunners, treats all life, all virtuous action, as a preparation for contemplation, in which culminating experience one becomes a spectator of, even a participator in, all that is truly real and beautiful and good.

The Western mind turns more naturally to what we are pleased to call practical conduct—life in action. When we talk about living a rich, full life we are apt to assess it in terms of service, of positive contribution, of deeds, of things accomplished, of spiritual output. Contemplation seems like a waste of time to the practical Occidental. He wants to be going somewhere, to be doing something. Western ethical systems do not usually lead up to contemplation of the eternal; they find the goal of life in the realization of a better social order and the formation of a truer personal life to fit the proposed new order. This latter way of life is generally called "realization" or "energism" and the contemplative way of life set over against it is called "mysticism." They are, however, by no means inconsistent ways of life and I shall undertake to show in this lecture that contemplation is an essential part of practical, energetic action, in fact that the mystical experience contributes as almost nothing else does toward the task of building the truer personal life and the better social order. The greatest of the mystics have not been spiritual drones; they have been hundred-horse-power persons pouring into the world of time their unwonted additions of spiritual energy. But, at the same time, it is true that the mystic does feel the experience of God to be a sufficient end in itself, precisely as the lover of beauty feels that the experience of beauty is itself sufficient without any supplementary thought of how it can be used for practical purposes. There are experiences in which the desire for action is relatively held in suspense. The experience yields an immediate satisfaction and seems for

the moment an end in itself, detached from all problems of origin or consequence. Like the mountain experience of transfiguration, this mystic experience, too, seems to be a fitting occasion for building a permanent tabernacle, for banishing all thought of going somewhere or of doing something. A level of life has been reached which changes all values for a man and floods all life with power,

> That sets the undreamed of rapture at his hand
> And puts the cheap old joy in the scorned dust.

Mysticism, then, is one of those experiences which hold within themselves a sense of finality, of adequacy. They need no plus to make them satisfying. To break through the veils and wrappings of things and to discover God to be real, real as nothing else is real, *that* is an experience which needs no additions, nothing beyond itself. But nevertheless, as we shall see, the most remarkable thing about a mystical experience is the increased efficiency of life which it produces. The man who climbs Mount Everest will be satisfied at the peak with the achievement itself. There he is at last at the top of the world, rapt and ecstatic with the overpowering consciousness of the experience. But when he comes down he will ever after be "the man who first climbed Mount Everest," and it will give him unique influence and a standing in the world which will always count, though the desire to use the fruits of his climb may not, and certainly should not, remotely occur to him as he stands there on the back of the Himalayas.

II

An outbreak of mysticism is always a sign that the soul of man is uttering its vigorous protest against the en-

croachment of some organized system of life or thought which threatens to leave scant scope and area for its own free initiative and its spontaneous creative activity. It is a proclamation that the soul has certain inherent rights and capacities—a domain of its own which must be respected and held sacred. Sometimes mysticism has been a protest of man's spirit against the hardening crust of dogma, and like a hot lava surging up from within it has burst through the cooled strata of intellectual systems. Sometimes it has been a powerful revolt against a more or less rigid external ecclesiasticism and then the mystic has stood forth as the champion of the invisible Church, which, like the Jerusalem above, is free and is the mother of us all.

For more than a generation now we have all been dimly aware of the steady encroachment of science upon the inner domain of the soul. Science has so often aided man's conquests and it has done so much to strengthen his hands and heighten his practical powers that he has frequently been oblivious of the slow winding of the coils that have been binding in and constricting his spirit. But when, like Samson, one awakes and shakes himself from his lull of slumber, he is surprised to see how far science has materialized and mechanized the universe, and what a tiny area of scope and free movement is left for the human soul.

Every precinct of man's inner domain has been invaded and every sanctuary of the soul has had some of its sacred vessels rifled and carried away. The Copernican theory swept the heavens clean and left no place there for God's dwelling or for the eternal home of the triumphant soul. The sky is not a fixed dome, it is only an illusory gateway to the cold stretches of infinite space. Going up into space does not mean getting any nearer to God or to the habita-

tion of the saints. The Darwinian theory stretched out time as the Copernican had stretched out space. It left no assignable point in time where the finger of God, or the breath of the Divine Spirit, entered and operated, as the other theory had left no domain in space for God's presence. Both tended to obliterate in men's thoughts the line between natural and supernatural by expanding the former and eliminating the latter. Then the higher critic began to apply the scientific methods of historical study to the books of holy Scripture, putting the emphasis upon historical development and upon the play of a most important *human* factor. Finally, most ruthless of all the invading hosts of science, psychology comes with its exact descriptions and laboratory tests, and questions whether there is any spiritual agent within or behind the mental states and the describable behavior which make up this strange thing we call a man's life. We are told of multitudinous brain-paths and complex neural processes but we are given no spiritual entity. Is it any wonder that the man of settled scientific habits finds it difficult to discover any legitimate sphere for religion, or that the college youth is confused?

The way out of this "fix," however, is not to run amuck against science, to deny its verified facts and conclusions, to join in William J. Bryan's eloquent scream against "the old man with his bag of monkeys from the jungle," nor to turn with Sir Conan Doyle and others to the task of assembling a new set of superstitions. This is no way out. We can make no progress in religion until we learn to have respect and reverence for facts. The solid work of more than two centuries of splendidly equipped workers in science will not be swept away either by sallies of cheap humor nor by the trance reports of mediums and the phenomena of haunted houses.

Only by discovering more in the realities of the universe than science has read there can we find hope of deliverance from the barrenness of our present world. We must learn to see that there are many realities which elude the scientific method, that science always reduces its world for purposes of description, and that we do not need so much to break with science as to supplement it. There are many great moments when what the poet calls "the heart" stands up and answers, *"I have felt."* Walt Whitman says in his vivid way:

When I heard the learn'd astronomer,
When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in the columns before me,
When I was shown the charts and diagrams, to add, divide and measure them,
When I sitting heard the astronomer where he lectured with much applause in the lecture room,
How soon unaccountable I became tired and sick myself
Till rising and gliding out I wander'd off by myself
In the mystical moist night air, and from time to time
Looked up in perfect silence at the stars.

III

There are, I believe, at least two ways of discovering more significance in the facts of our world than it is possible to attain under the present methods of science. The first way is to learn to deal as adequately with *the spiritual values* which the universe reveals as we have already done with the exact descriptive phase of it. This is a universe touched everywhere with beauty, hospitable to moral goodness, indeed built for it, and, on its higher levels at least, full of organic systems that are marked by coöperation and purpose. We must not be satisfied to describe and explain objects alone, as science does, by causal and mechanical methods; we must go farther and *interpret* in

terms of value those immensely significant aspects of the world which cannot by any possibility be reduced to exact description. In this way we shall bring back those features of life which have been eluding us. The second way is no less important. We must explore, more profoundly than we have yet done, the nature and capacities of the soul itself. *This is what the mystic does. Here is where he enters his protest and offers his testimony.* He tells us of another type of experience besides the well known one by means of the senses. Instead of focusing upon outward things in space, he concentrates upon a spiritual companionship revealed by flushes of light or inward warmth and intimacy, by releases of energy made known within his own spirit. Every glimpse of splendor in the soul is to him a clear evidence of a spiritual world that fits it. Souls seem to have their moment of birth as surely as the body does. The mystic discovers by signs which seem to him as convincing as sights or sounds or touches that he is in a double world—a world of concrete things and a world of Spirit, and that this latter world environs him as the air does the eagle or as the ocean does the fish. To be a mystic is to be aware of this World within the world and to have commerce with that Spirit who is the fountain source of all our truest life, the spring of all our noblest affections. St. Augustine calls it "an indescribable breath of serenity and eternity."

Dr. William Brown of Oxford has very well and at the same time very simply expressed this type of experience: "Sometimes * * * there may come to you a peculiar feeling of God's existence and that everything is right with the world. This feeling of communion with the Divine is a mystic feeling; and I suppose in a greater or less degree, everyone has at some time or other had this experience. It is an experience that can be cultivated; it is one

that can suffer from pathological intensification and degeneration; but in itself it is an experience of the healthy mind—and it is one that carries its own conviction with it. It has different stages. You can have mystic feeling, a feeling of union with the universe, at very different levels. At its lowest you can have it in physical exercise. I have, when riding, known the experience of feeling oneself in absolute harmony with nature. At a higher level it may be experienced by the philosopher struggling to pass beyond conditions of ordinary scientific thought, passing at the back of questions like space, time, mortality. You get it at its highest form in religion. * * * If I may speak no longer as a psychologist but as a man, the experience of life confirms my belief that the possibility of some communion between that Power [God] and the individual is not an illusion." [1]

We not only look out upon the objects which occupy space, and deal with them through ten special senses (we used to say five), but we further discover by an "inward ho" that we have an inside existence of our own—an inner self. We come upon it by a flash of insight which our senses cannot explain. It is done by a swift and immediate act of consciousness, underlying and unifying all our operations of knowledge. If that synthetic activity ceased, all our interpretations of sense-data would instantly cease too. If we lost the conviction of I am I, we should lose our world. Not only so, but we also by a similar act of our unified inner self *acknowledge* and appreciate spiritual centers in the persons around us. In doing this we vastly transcend all reports of our senses. We overleap everything we see and touch. We employ other ways of knowing than those which most present day

[1] Article on "The Practice of Prayer" in *Religion and Life* (Oxford, 1923), pp. 54-55.

science recognizes, just as we also do when we feel in a flash the moral worth of a heroic or a sacrificial deed, or when we appreciate the glory of a sunset.

The mystic does not stop with these two ways of transcending sense experience, experience by means of "sensations." He insists upon a third way. He holds that it is possible to have direct, first-hand experience of God—the Spiritual Presence in whom we live our own spiritual lives and who is the potential environment of all personal selves. It is possible for a sensitive soul to feel the pulse-beat of the Eternal Heart. An invention has been recently perfected for guiding vessels into a harbor in times of storm or fog or danger. A cable is stretched along the bottom of the channel with electric bells in frequent succession, set vibrating simultaneously by a clock on shore. The sound of the bells is deep down, far below the surface, and only ships provided with sensitive instruments can detect the vibrations and find the channel, but *they* go straight forward in the night, in the storm or in the fog. The mystic claims that the human soul is bosomed on the deeps of a spiritual sea of Life which flows around it, and that the sensitively adjusted life can catch intimations of celestial currents and can gain clues and hints of direction, even when the cruder senses make no reports and give no guidance.

IV

It should be noted that what I have been calling here mystical knowledge is not some rare and unusual type of knowledge, sharply at variance with our normal ways of dealing with the facts of our universe. I am maintaining that knowledge of every sort presupposes some central spiritual nature in us. What we mean by "knowledge"

does not come from outside; it comes from inside. We explain nothing in the sphere of knowledge so long as we talk of brain-currents and molecular processes. We must either candidly admit, or surreptitiously smuggle in, a real captain to our ship—a spiritual ego that knows and that knows that it knows. *All knowledge transcends sense.* In no case does any object, fact or event swim all ready made into our consciousness through our terminal sense organs. The ancient wax-tablet theory which assumed knowledge to be stamped in by external objects as a seal is stamped on soft wax can be held only by those who are crassly ignorant of the actual processes of the mind. Plato twenty-five hundred years ago exploded what he called the "bird-cage" theory, the theory namely that items of knowledge can be caught, as birds are caught, and put away to be kept in the passive receptacle of the mind. The soundest psychologists of our time reject *in toto* the equally crude theory that knowledge is *built up* out of aggregations of "unit-sensations," or "images" or "ideas." When one asks exactly what it is that comes in through the external sense he is surprised to find what a tiny fragment it is in any given experience. All perception involves a very extensive interpretation of what was actually "presented" by sense and the interpretation always leaps far beyond what the particular sense gratuitously "received" or "presented."

In other words, the mind itself is a synthetic and creative factor even in the most ordinary cases of perception. There are certain fundamental and original *dispositions* in the mind which are always operating. At every moment of conscious experience the individual mind is drawing upon and utilizing immense native tendencies or reserves of subconscious mental life. Around the peak of clear consciousness there is always something *more than* this illumined peak—a halo of subconsciousness from which

come inrushes and flashes of thought, now of imagination, now of association or memory, now of recognition and now, again, of insights of reason. But in every case the stream of consciousness is *fed from within* no less than from without and if the tributaries from within ceased to flow all the meaning and significance of human experience would vanish as quickly as electric light does when the switch is turned off. When we are conscious of ourselves and feel the interior flow of our own life or when we appreciate the ideals of a friend or when in a flash we *see* a new truth emerge out of the facts on which we are reflecting, we are in every case confronted with a situation which no theory of sensation can alone explain.

We must reckon, then, if we are to have knowledge at all, upon *a central spiritual self* which does more than "receive" sensations from a material world "out yonder" in space. It plays a creative rôle in all experiences of beauty, in all appreciations of moral goodness, and it is an organ of a greater Spirit than itself in the sphere of religion. The time has come, I feel sure, to take account of the deeper stretches and the immense scope of the human soul by whatever name we call it. Our activities, our achievements, our acquisitions of knowledge, do not exhaust us or bring us to the frontiers of our capacities. There is a boundless residue of unused power beyond the margins which we explore. There are immense reservoirs of spiritual energy still untapped and for most persons undreamed of. A true mysticism must build upon this bottomless spiritual center in man.

Mysticism has too often been content to occupy the "no man's land" of the abnormal and the mysterious. It has flourished along the perilous edge of ecstatic trance and psychic miracle. I do not question that real illumination has burst into rare personalities in moments of ecstasy

and through experiences that seem closely akin to hysterical dissociation. There are apparently persons who possess a unique mental organization, close to the psychopathic edge, who nevertheless are strung, like a Stradivarius violin, for revealing the hidden music of the spiritual world. But mysticism must not be confined to this type of rare and risky phenomena. We do not want religion, which is the meat and drink of the healthy soul, to be dependent on the chance visits of angelic ravens.

When I talk about mysticism I mean something fundamental to the normal essential nature of the soul, which I have now called the central spiritual self. I mean a native capacity in us for intercourse and communion with God, who is not "up in the sky," but rather is the foundational Life and Spirit within us and by whom we live and are. Every experience which makes us sure of our own soul and its abysmal deeps, *ipso facto* makes us sure of God. For centuries and millenniums men have turned to the sky or raised their hands upward in their quest for God. The ancient posture and attitude will no doubt long persist and rightly so, for the upward look befits the act, but God cannot be our God unless He is Spirit, unless He is kindred to our souls, and if He is of that nature then we must find Him where we find ourselves—in the spiritual sphere, not in space. We must find Him knocking at the gates of our own dwelling and entering to share Himself with us there. This experience of the mystic,—if it be not a futile "projection" of man's own subjective feelings —implies that the finite human spirit can, in the vast immensities of the universe find the living, loving, palpitating Spirit and can come into vital contact with infinite and eternal reality. We often find relevant testimony to this experience where we should hardly expect it, which means that it is more common and more normal than we

had supposed. Here is a passage which "emerges" in a hard-headed, systematic account of *Emergent Evolution.* The author, Professor C. Lloyd Morgan, says: "Within us, if anywhere, we must feel the urge, or however it be named, which shall afford the basis upon which acknowledgment of Activity [*i.e.,* God] is founded. What then does it feel like? Each must answer for himself, fully realizing that he may misinterpret the evidence. Without denying a felt push from the lower levels of one's being—a so-called driving force welling up from below—to me it feels like a drawing upwards through Activity [*i.e.,* God] existent at a higher level than that to which I have attained." [2] One who is less scientific and more enthusiastic puts it this way:

> Oh World invisible we view thee,
> Oh World intangible we touch thee,
> Oh World unknowable we know thee,
> Inapprehensible, we clutch thee.

William James, quite simply, says: "The overcoming of all the usual barriers between the individual and the Absolute is the great mystic achievement." [3]

IV

Where should we expect to find the true, the perfect, the absolutely good? That has been one of man's most persistent questions. To answer "nowhere," "there is nothing perfect," is to deny the possibility of knowledge and to cut the nerve of moral action. It is to give up attaching "must be so" to knowledge, and "I must" to duty. Everybody who is rational assumes and presupposes that

[2] *Op. cit.,* p. 208.
[3] *Varieties of Religious Experience,* p. 419.

knowledge is concerned with what is *absolutely true*—not with what is accidentally or capriciously so, and every soundly ethical person in the moment of moral decision acts as though he believed that his act is required of him by the absolutely good—not that perhaps by sheer chance his act may possibly turn out to be less bad than some other acts. This deep-lying faith in rationality, present in all our thinking and doing, means that we do not limit rationality and purpose to our own finite selves, but rather that we attribute a still greater rationality and purpose to something beyond ourselves, which is working in us and through us. *We* are here and now, finite and temporal, but we always think and act in reference to the absolute infinite and eternal. There can be no fragment of space which is not imbedded in infinite space and so, too, there can be no truth which does not imply absolute truth and there can be no goodness which does not look out toward a goodness which is perfect. To reduce one of us men to mere finiteness is to write "mene" on all our human aspirations.

But where, I repeat, *is* this absolutely perfect reality which verifies the truth of our puny thoughts and guarantees our feeble endeavors after the good? How can we *find* that which from its very nature and definition is not here, is not now, is not finite, is not limited, bound, fragmentary, partial, conditioned or incomplete? This is one of the greatest dilemmas man has ever been confronted with and the solution of it has been the tragic task of three thousand years of spiritual struggle. Those who have been called mystics have taken this problem most seriously and they have again and again written their answer in the life blood of their own intense and palpitating hearts. The great mystics of an earlier time—what William James would call the "folio-edition" mystics,

for example, Plato, Plotinus, Pseudo-Dionysius, St. Augustine, Dante, Eckhart, Tauler, Ruysbroeck and Spinoza—have had one consistent answer to this central question. The absolutely real, true, good, beautiful and perfect for them is to be found beyond this sphere of mutability, "yonder, where beyond these voices there is peace." St. Augustine is one of the master mystics of this class. In the supreme experience which he reports, when he was with his mother at Ostia, he tells us that he passed from stage to stage through all material things, through heaven itself, whence sun, moon and stars shed their radiance. Then he came to his own mind and *passed beyond it* and then with an utmost leap, in one trembling flash, came upon That which Is. In his treatise *On the Trinity* (8.2) he says: "We can know what God is not, but not what He is." [4] It seemed obvious to them and to their disciples that the perfect cannot be here, it cannot be found in the sphere of the mutable, the imperfect, the shifting, the temporal, where each thing is in process and consequently is never finished or complete. Whatever the mind finds is conditioned and limited. If it is here, it cannot be there; if it is this, it cannot be that. Only by turning away from this pitiful array of finites, they hold, can the infinite be found. Only in a realm beyond and above the fragmentary dots of our time and space world, they believe, can we look for That which Is, the

[4] Dom. Cuthbert Butler in his excellent volume entitled *Western Mysticism* (1922), maintains that mysticism was carried over into the negative aspect by the writings of Pseudo-Dionysius in the sixth century and that his forerunners were "pre-Dionysian" and did not stress the negative way. It is true that a new stage of negation was reached in Dionysius and that he introduced much of the terminology of negation which is met in later mystics, but the habit of looking for the infinite beyond the finite and of expecting to find Reality "yonder" was already well fixed in St. Augustine's time.

absolutely real, the absolutely good. The "way up," therefore, is a *via negativa*. The absolute can be apprehended only when the relative has been left utterly behind. By no addition of imperfects can the perfect be reached. By no summing up of finites can one climb to the infinite.

The mystic's task, then, on this age-long and impressive interpretation, is to discover how to do what cannot be done by any powers of human reason, or by any steps of normal experience, that is, how to transcend the ladder of knowledge, how to "pass beyond the mind" and beyond practical action, and to come by a miraculous upward leap, "a trembling flash," into immediate contact with this absolutely perfect reality, "a flight of the lonely soul to the Alone," beyond the sphere where we normally think and act and live. So long as one focuses his gaze upon any concrete fact or deed, he is busy with the finite and imperfect, and only when some fine day he stops using the poor stumpy ladder of sense and intellect, leaves "things" here below where they belong and rises to a pure vision of the perfect, as it is in its own essence, can he *arrive* at his goal. That view has had a long history as the creation has groaned and travailed for the truth. The general view, that the perfect is above and beyond the imperfect, that the infinite is beyond the finite, the eternal beyond the temporal, the mystics shared with all other thinkers. No other consistent metaphysical view had been attained. Aristotle had noted the weakness of this way of negation, but in the end he surrendered to it because he did not know how to help surrendering.

V

I have shown in a previous lecture that the philosophy of Plato—and it is true also of Plotinus—is open to a

deeper and I believe truer interpretation than the "double-world" theory on which the *via negativa* rests. But it is a fact nevertheless that the official and traditional interpretations of Plato give him the "double-world" view and the negative turn of thought, and I have admitted quite frankly that the interpretation which I have given of Plato may be colored by reading back into him some of our present day thinking, though it certainly does no "violence" to his words or his thought. It must, however, be said in passing that none of these great mystics keeps consistently to the road of negation, no one of them is a "pure negative." His "experience" itself when it comes is always so positive and convincing that it makes him at once affirmative, and we have for a sample St. Augustine's striking testimony: "The Reality of things is as truly present to me as I am to myself." [5]

Their negation, as I have said, is not due to their mystical experience; it is due to the system of thought through which they interpreted their experience. And it needs furthermore to be said also that all profound thinking and all life that has depth to it must have the discipline of negation. We cannot live by "yes" alone any more than we can live by bread alone. It is not enough to be a "yea-sayer." We must face the fierce and stubborn opposite, the everlasting No, and we must learn to endure strippings which winnow away everything but the central seed. We must further take note of the fact, as all great mystics have done, that there is something transcendent and unrevealable in God. When we have said all that we "know" of Him, all that we can say with words or think with thoughts, we have not yet touched the fringe of reality, we have hardly begun to lisp the truth of God's "overbrimming goodness." The right attitude is that of

[5] *Epistles* iv., 2.

the seraphim with face covered, and covered too with his very powers of activity, his wings.

Professor Otto of Marburg has made a great contribution to religious interpretation in his *Das Heilige*.[6] He shows convincingly that at the heart of religion, and peculiarly so in mystical experience, there is a state of what he calls "numenous consciousness"—a hushed, trembling sense of awe in the presence of something which feels to the palpitant soul to be divine, mysterious, unutterable. The Latin word *numen*—supernatural divine power—is chosen to name this unique state of consciousness which his book interprets with striking success. With telling emphasis he shows that the highest numenous states are experienced when the soul is overawed by the majesty, sublimity, mystery and overaboundingness of the reality which breaks upon the sight. Just enough is seen to give intimation of the infinitely more that is unseen, enough is felt to hush the soul in silence and awe before what cannot be fathomed or attained. The immensity of what is beyond makes all that we see or know or are seem "nothing." But granting all this and admitting that there is an important negative factor in all great experience I still believe that the way to God is light not darkness, is truth not confusion, is life not death, is yes rather than no. St. Paul says, In Christ is the *yes*. (II Cor. i, 19-20.)

If that ancient metaphysical answer were the only right one, if the *via negativa* were the only path that could be recommended to the lonely pilgrim in search of his haven, many of us would be in dire distress, because, like the crystalline dome of the sky, "the way of negation" is no longer a *live* hypothesis. Kant leaves us cold when he sets "an unending process" between us and God. We do

[6] Translated into English by John W. Harvey under the title *The Idea of the Holy*. The original is now in the eleventh edition.

not expect to find the infinite beyond the finite, nor the eternal beyond the temporal, nor God somewhere in a pure vacuum beyond the stretches of this mutable life, where if ever, we need Him! But there is no more reason for saying that God is "beyond" than there is for saying that beauty is "beyond," or goodness is "beyond" or truth is "beyond."

They are all *here* and at the same time *beyond,* they are both immanent and transcendent. Once more, the beyond is within. It is impossible to arouse any interest to-day in the search for the pot of gold beyond the terminus of the rainbow, or in a hunt for the "blue bird" of perfect happiness in the place beyond infinity where the curve meets its asymptote, or in a God who is only to be found above the flux and process of this world of present experience. We must find Him here or give Him up and accept the tragedy of an empty world of dust and ashes.

VI

Here is where the new mystic, the other type of mystic, the affirmation mystic, comes in with his positive testimony, though, as I have already said, the difference between the two types is a relative difference. There have been no negation mystics who were not also affirmative, and there neither are, nor will be any important affirmation mystics who do not tread at some point the *via negativa*—the hard and dolorous road. Here is a typical experience taken from Richard Jeffries' little book, *The Story of My Heart:* "Sometimes I have concentrated myself and driven away by continued will all sense of outward appearances, looking straight with the full power of my mind inwards on myself. I find 'I' am there; an 'I' I

do not wholly understand or know—something is there distinct from earth and timber, from flesh and bones. Recognizing it I feel the margin of a Life unknown, very near, almost touching it: on the verge of powers which if I could grasp would give me an immense breadth of existence, an ability to execute what I now only conceive; most probably of far more than that. To see that 'I' is to know that I am surrounded with immortal things." This boundless "I" of Jeffries' experience is the same reality as William James' "More of consciousness continuous with ourselves," revealing Itself to us and giving us healings and refreshments.

William James in a letter to Henry W. Rankin in 1901 very well stated the substance of the affirmative testimony. "Something, not our immediate self," he says, "does act on our life." "The mother-sea and fountain-head of all religions lie in the mystical experiences of the individual, taking the word mystical in a very wide sense. All theologies and all ecclesiasticisms are secondary growths superimposed." "We are thus," *i.e.*, through these mystical experiences, he continues, "made convincingly aware of the presence of a sphere of life larger and more powerful than our usual consciousness, with which the latter is nevertheless continuous. The impressions and impulsions and emotions and excitements which we thence receive give us help to live by, they found invincible assurance of a world beyond the sense, they melt our hearts and communicate significance and value to everything and make us happy. They do this for the individual who has them, and other individuals follow *him*. Religion in this way is absolutely indestructible. Philosophy and theology give their conceptual interpretations of *this experimental life*." [7] William James in this famous letter, and still

[7] *Letters of William James*, Vol. II, pp. 149-150.

more in his *Varieties of Religious Experience,* exalts "the subliminal self," and treats it as the medium of communication between the individual consciousness and its "Great Companion." Between the two he assumes "a thin partition through which messages make irruption."

There is, however, no good reason for limiting these experiences, which we call mystical, to sudden subliminal irruptions, or invasions. Instead of talking of the possibilities of "a thin partition," I should prefer to talk of the spiritual possibilities and mystical capacities of the total, undivided self, which always includes the subconscious. The threshold line which is assumed to divide our conscious life from our submerged or subliminal life is an artificial construction, and we must not base our religious life upon any abstract part of our total nature. Whatever is in the focus of our experience at any moment is always in immediate relation with this immense submerged life within us. Every perception, every memory, every sentiment is tinged and colored from below and carries up from the subconscious the fruits of a whole life of experience. Sometimes no doubt there are "sudden irruptions" but *they* are no more sacred than are the more slowly gestated products of our inner life which are revealed in our convictions, our tested faiths, our high resolves, our love which suffers long and is kind, our controlling ideals, our spiritual attitudes, the steady trend of our christian character. It is after all the total self that counts, not some fragment of it, large or small. James is closer to the truth when he says that mystical states are "windows through which the mind looks out upon a more extensive and inclusive world." [8]

[8] *Varieties of Religious Experience,* p. 428.

VII

I should call any experience mystical which succeeds in tapping interior reservoirs of spiritual energy and which brings first-hand conviction that God is near at hand and directly operating. I had a friend who went alone one day to consult a famous London doctor. My friend was very highly gifted and was at the time just beginning to reveal unusual literary powers and he was at the opening stage of a promising career in business. At the same time he was coming to be recognized as the spiritual leader of the younger section of his religious fellowship. Everything which makes life rich and great was before him. The doctor gravely and with almost killing frankness told him that he was the victim of a subtle and baffling disease which would destroy his hearing and his sight and would eventually seriously affect his memory. He came down the stairs of the doctor's office and stood almost stunned on the curb of the street, realizing that all the large plans for his life had collapsed like a child's house of blocks. Suddenly as he stood there, waiting to decide which way to go, he felt as though he was enveloped by the invading love of God and filled with a sense of unutterable peace. There emerged within him a source of energy sufficient to turn his primary tendency to despair into a steady consciousness of hope and joy which lasted throughout his life and gave him extraordinary power and influence.

Another case of a very different type is that of Mother Isabel Daurelle, a Carmelite nun, who died in 1914. She has described her own experience, which I give much abbreviated, as follows: "During prayer on the evening of the third day I entered the interior of my soul, and seemed to descend into the giddy depths of an abyss where

I had the impression of being surrounded by limitless space. * * * I realized that God was present; I felt His gaze bent on me full of gentleness and affection and that He smiled kindly upon me. I seemed plunged in God. My soul looked fixedly into the gaze invisibly bent upon me and my heart repeated untiringly: 'My God, I love thee!'" [9]

An extremely interesting case is that of the well known philosopher and psychologist, Wincenty Lutoslawski of Poland. In 1880 under peculiar circumstances and influences he became a materialist and a professed atheist, and he remained for twenty years cut off from all connection with the Church and settled in his unbelief. His own account follows: "On 12th November, 1900, early in the morning, I went to a steam-bath, in which I remained for more than an hour, talking merrily with some students on philosophical and political subjects. When I left the bath suddenly the analogy between a clean body and a clean soul took hold of my thoughts, and without any conceivable reason, almost automatically, I entered a small Franciscan convent." Here he made full confession of his life and was asked by the priest in the convent to receive communion which he decided to do, and "suddenly," to use his own words, "the change came which transformed my life. * * * I remained intellectually very much the same as I had been before. There was above everything an intimate certainty which was not given by thought. It was beyond and above thought, as well as speech, a quite ineffable and unique experience, which in a moment transformed my whole attitude towards my own life and towards God." [10]

[9] Quoted from *Western Mysticism by* Dom. Cuthbert Butler, p. 16.

[10] The full account is given autobiographically in the *Hibbert Journal* for July, 1923.

Edward Dowden has put into a sonnet an experience of his which could not well be better told.

> Lord, I have knelt and tried to pray to-night
> But thy love came upon me like a sleep,
> And all desire died out; *upon the deep*
> *Of thy mere love I lay*, each thought in light
> Dissolving like the sunset clouds, at rest
> Each tremulous wish.
> But with closed eyes I felt thy bosom's love
> Beating toward mine, and then I would not move
> Till of itself the joy should pass away;
> At last my heart found voice—Take me, O Lord,
> And do with me according to Thy word.[11]

In another fine sonnet, entitled *Deliverance,* he declares, once more from experience, that

> The soul is stung with sudden, visiting gleams.

H. G. Wells, whose later writings reveal undoubted mystical traits, says in his *First and Last Things:* "At times in the silence of the night and in rare lonely moments, I come upon a sort of communion of myself and something great that is not myself. It is perhaps poverty of mind and language which obliges me to say that this universal scheme takes on the effect of a sympathetic Person—and my communion a quality of fearless worship. These moments happen, and they are the supreme fact of my religious life to me; they are the crown of my religious experience."

That may be taken, I think, as a fair sample of what multitudes of us normal men and women experience in what we should like to call our best moments. There may be no sudden "irruption," no mysterious "message" sent by wireless across the margins, or over "the thin partition" of our subliminal self, but we do discover that we

[11] Dowden's Sonnet "Communion."

are "continuous with a wider spiritual Consciousness whose healings drop into our soul and from Whom vital energies to live by come into us." It is far more vivid for some than for others, but it is an experience which may be open for all serious souls. Those who constantly front the world of action and who find *reality* peculiarly in things that are tangible and bankable are apt to lack these refreshing flushes of the soul from within, these moments of triumphant conviction when one can say, "I have met with my God." But those on the other hand who have no hampering materialistic beliefs, who find Spirit the most natural basic reality, who love hush and silence, often feel in the stillness that they are bosomed like the lily pad on a vaster sea of conscious Life and that the true environment of the human soul is the Spirit of God. They feel that they have been there and have heard

> The bubblings of the springs
> That feed the world.

They are convinced that the fountains of life are within.

> It were a vain endeavor
> Though I should gaze forever
> On that green light that lingers in the west,
> I may not hope from outward forms to win
> The passion and the life whose fountains are within.

Like every other human achievement this purpose to find God as a real presence calls for expectation, determination and preparation. The greatest experiences of life do not come by caprice or accident; they do not fall like bread fruit into the hands of some chance sitter. Philip Cabot, who reports his own transforming experience in the August *Atlantic Monthly,* 1923, says: "The deepest form of worship is communion with God in order that

our souls may be fed and the course of our lives directed in true accord with His will. For this the 'seeing eye' and the 'listening ear' must be developed by an utter concentration of all our spiritual powers—which requires time. Silent attention, with every spiritual sense alert, is the attitude of the worshiper who would hear the word of God." That is very sound advice, based upon the writer's own experience. It is no wonder that God and the spiritual universe seem unreal when we give them no opportunity to reveal themselves in us. Music would be unreal, and so would art or poetry, to anyone who gave no more thought or concern to them than most of us do to the discovery of God in our lives. As Dean Inge has well said: "It is quite natural and inevitable that if we spend sixteen hours daily of our waking life in thinking about the affairs of the world, and about five minutes in thinking about God and our souls, this world will seem about two hundred times more real to us than God or our souls. That must be so however real and important the spiritual world may actually be. The fact that it seems unreal to us is no argument that it is unreal, if we hardly ever think about it. Things that we do not think about always seem unreal to us. Do not then argue that God is unreal because He seems unreal to you. Ask yourselves whether you have given Him, or rather yourselves, a fair chance." [12]

A doctor does not acquire his "bedside manner," his technique in the sickroom, in a moment, in a happy flash; he gains it through long and painstaking practice. There are no doubt geniuses who seem to possess extraordinary native gifts for arriving at their goals as if carried forward "on wings as eagles," but most persons in all spheres of life win their skill and technique, their ease and their capacity, through long-continued concentration and effort,

[12] *Religion and Life* (Oxford, 1923), p. 8.

by "toil of knees and heart and hands." This supreme attainment of life, this first-hand certainty of God, comes no other way. "It is not too hard for thee, neither is it far off. It is not in heaven that thou shouldst say, who shall go up for us to heaven and bring it unto us? * * * It is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it." But it will remain a mere possibility, a splendid dream, something "unreal," until one rises up and resolves to open all the windows of the soul for the day-dawn.

VIII

It remains for us to consider the important question of the verification of mystical experience. How do we know that the mystic's experience is not a blind trail, a mere "projection" of his subjective longings? May it not be an unconscious extension of that amazing capacity in us for "auto-suggestion?" In the first place it should be pointed out, as Dr. William Brown has done in his paper, already referred to, on "The Practice of Prayer," that "projection" and "auto-suggestion" are abnormal, pathological phenomena and that it is not legitimate to use these terms in connection with religious experiences which are the highest indications of health and normality. It is true, however, that powers of mind which have come to light in pathological cases may also have important constructive functions in processes of great importance for life values. There can be no doubt, I think, that auto-suggestion in the good sense is always operating and carrying us forward with prevision of ideal possibilities and even "projection," as a forecast of what ought to be, may have its place in the normal healthy activities of life.

It is enough in any case to insist here that there is no good ground or reason for using pathological terms to bring the mystic's experiences into disrepute or for putting them into a class with dreams as though they were mental "constructions," unless the experiences themselves bear the well-known stigmata of pathological phenomena. Some of the experiences of mystics do and some of them do not show such marks. I shall proceed to deal with experiences that seem as normal as breathing and which manifestly add to the whole dynamic quality of life—its power to stand the universe and to remake it nearer to the heart's desire. William James says of Ignatius Loyola that "his mysticism made him assuredly one of the most powerfully practical human engines that ever lived." [13] That statement can fairly and truthfully be made regarding a long list of mystics. St. Bernard of Clairvaux and George Fox are two good specimens of this heightened moral, spiritual and practical power, released and set into action by a personal experience of God present in their lives. In fact mystics as a class of men and women have not only been saints, they have been girded for action through their contact with God and they have exhibited indomitable spirit and energy for constructive tasks. They have revealed serenity, sanity and sound capacity for leadership and coöperation with others. Auto-suggestion and projection in the pathological sense do not lead to such results. They lead to ineffectiveness and futility.

It should be noted that there is a school of psychologists who state with unqualified emphasis that there can be but one pathway to reality and that is the way of the special senses. If an experience cannot be traced to a definite peripheral origin in sense, they would say, it may be discounted at once as a dream, a fancy, a projection. In

[13] *Varieties of Religious Experience*, p. 413.

no case can it ever bring truth or enlarge our acquaintance with the universe in which we live. Those who speak that way belong, however, with the dogmatists, not with the sound investigators of truth. They *assert* what nobody has proved or can prove and they weaken the whole strength of their authoritative pronouncement by failing to give any sufficient or convincing explanation of sense-experience as a way of knowledge. In the last analysis even in their accounts it turns out to be as miraculous as Aladdin's palace. You rub a retina with ether-vibrations and lo, you see, not ether, but truth. You surge waves through the organ of Corti in the inner ear and presto, you know a fact of spiritual moment. You touch finger-tips against a certain physical substance and behold, you have a piece of momentous information. If ever there was a mystery, there it is! It may be true, of course, that all knowledge must have some sense-factor to it, but we must know vastly more about the nature of sense-factors than we do now before we dare assert even that with finality. What I am insisting upon is that the mind of man is an immense activity and it, in its totality, with its innate dispositions, its creative capacities and its structural tendencies, is behind and in every experience which leads to truth, and we have not fathomed yet its range or scope.

> Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
> A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
> Enveloping the earth—
> And from the soul itself must there be sent
> A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
> Of all sweet sounds the life and element! [14]

What we must tie to as a guiding principle is the fact or feeling of objectivity which attaches to our cognitive experience, *i.e.*, our knowledge-bringing experience. We

[14] Coleridge's *Ode on Dejection.*

know it to be utterly different from our dreams, our fancies, our subjective longings. It comes to us with a certainty that what we perceive is *there,* that it is not in our mind, or projected out from our minds, into space, but is in its own right *real*—a true object. We have tests for its reality. We try it by our other senses. We get the testimony of other persons—the group-test. We measure it; we photograph it and so on, but all the time we build upon and stake our life upon the testimony of our minds to objectivity. It is again in the last resort a mystery, but there it is and we rest the pillars of the world upon it.

Mystical experiences of the important and constructive type have this same feeling of objectivity. They do not bear the mark of dreams or fancies; they bear all the signs and evidences of something really *there.* It is true that this objectivity cannot be tested precisely as we test sense-objects. We cannot call our friend and ask him if he finds the real presence of God where we are sure that we have found it. We are compelled to turn for evidence now to moral and spiritual effects which attend the conviction, or we must ask our friend to go through the discipline and preparation through which we have passed to see if a similar experience may not break through upon him. But there is no denying that we are moving now in another field from that of sense-facts and we cannot get the same coefficients and common denominators that mark our group experience in the well-known frame-works of space and time. We must content ourselves with the coercive feeling of objectivity and with the public demonstration which the fruits of the transformed and fortified life furnish. What men, who have had the contact with God, do with their lives, what they suffer for love's sake, what they endure for the truth which they have seen, is the surest evidence we can produce in support of the fact

that they themselves have the conviction of objectivity. Their heightened effectiveness, their increased capacity as "human engines," their unique power of leadership and of carrying their vision into practical, social operation in the world around them is the best proof which can be adduced for the belief that there *is* some objective reality to their experience, that it is not *maya* and illusion.

I have discussed in another place the part which conation, *i.e.,* tendencies and disposition toward effort and action, play in all our systems of belief and in all our estimates of truth. There are within us certain native strivings, urges, tropes, dispositions to activity and these are governing forces in every intellectual process of human life, and it may well be that St. Augustine is right in that greatest saying of his, 'Thou, O God, hast made us for Thyself and we are restless until we find our rest in Thee." It may be that with man there has come this new and strange *emergence,* a native longing and disposition for God, for that deeper World from which we have come, and that may be the basis of all real religion, and this tendency, which reaches the flowering point in mystics, may be a true sign of our spiritual lineage as well as of our spiritual destiny.

By far the larger number of mystics probably live and die without explicitly knowing that they *are* mystics. They are active conative mystics rather than cognitive mystics. They practise the presence of God instead of arriving at a clear state of knowledge about it. They do not point to some moment when they could say with Penington, "I have met with my God." They quietly manifest in acts that energies not their own and incursions of power from beyond themselves are coming through them. Lord Rosebery's fine estimate of Oliver Cromwell expresses what I mean. He says of Cromwell: "He

was a practical mystic, the most formidable and terrible of all combinations. A man who * * * has inspiration and adds to it the energy of a mighty man of action; such a man as that lives in communion on a Sinai of his own." Christ's teaching was almost invariably an interpretation of some deed or act or work which he had performed. He began with action and ended with telling what it meant. He could well say, "The deeds which I do bear witness of me." This may well be called "practical mysticism," or as I have named it, "conative-mysticism" —mysticism of life and action. It is the greatest kind there is and its power in any given life is cumulative. It gathers momentum and force like a rolling snowball.

IX

The mystical experience, which is far more common than the sceptically minded and the critics of mysticism realize, finds its most solid support not in ecstasy or miracle but in the verifying facts of our everyday life. Our simplest faith in the triumphant worth of moral goodness, our steady confidence that the truth we hold is universally true, our conviction that love is something more than a subjective thrill, our intimations that the beauty which we see here and now is only a glimpse of an infinite and eternal beauty—all these convictions are built upon the fact that there is a junction of our finite individual lives with one real foundational Spirit who is the ground and source of all the self-transcending values by which we live. Isolate us, insulate us, leave us as lonely oases in a sterile desert and we could not even have mirages of the good, the true, the lovely and the beautiful. Life would dry up and shrivel away. We are these strange

eternity-haunted beings just because we are conjunct with God whom some of us at least discover walking with us in the cool of the day, as the fish feels the ocean or the bird feels the air. These experiences of inner fortification and joy help us immensely to bear the heavy and weary weight of all this unintelligible world and give us an unwonted buoyancy.

One day in the summer vacation I was trying with a friend to float a large sailboat whose fin-keel had grounded on a shallow bottom. We made many experiments but they all failed to liberate our two-ton craft. Finally we hit upon a happy expedient. We sunk two rowboats and brought them along either side of our little ship. We put a heavy plank across under its prow, letting the plank rest on the two sunken boats. Then we bailed out the two boats simultaneously and the upward lift of the water raised our foundered sailboat and we pushed it into deeper water. There is a divine lifting power like that, a spiritual buoyancy, which many of us have felt, flooding in from beyond the margins of our own little lives. There are no doubt many experiences which bring buoyancy, and not merely one type of experience. Whenever any explorer of the unknown comes upon a great discovery, pushing back the skirts of mystery and widening the area of knowledge, he feels like

> Stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
> He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
> Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
> Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

There follows a strange liberation of energy, a release of joyous emotions and a consciousness of power, like an unwearied Atlas, to stand the world. When a man is privileged to add anything to the meager stock of truth

already on deposit he feels raised into immortal fellowship with those who through the ages have helped build the world not made with hands and he is aware that he, like the rest, has lent his hand

To the vast soul that o'er him planned.

When some great scene of beauty breaks in upon the soul, especially when some unparalleled piece of perfect music is heard by one who has an ear and soul tuned to music, there is produced a depth of emotion, a thrill of being that seems to unite the tiny individual, who has the experience with a whole world of joy and beauty which till then had lain untapped and unappropriated. Love goes even farther and deeper still. "The greatest thing in the world," it has been called, and no one yet at any rate has discovered anything greater. Let the progress of the soul run ever so far, love will remain one of the most thrilling miracles, one of the most transforming powers.

But even so the glimpses we have of God's real presence here with us in this world of sin and sorrow, this world of mutability and frustration, bring us the greatest influxes of energy, the largest increments of inward power we ever know, because these experiences of God unite all the other springs of energy in one single jet of life. The skirts of mystery are pushed back, the veil is lifted, the flash of insight is granted, the line of direction is found, truth is widened, the conviction of underlying goodness is raised to a new power and love is brought to its full height of meaning. "I know," writes Ralph Waldo Trine, "an officer of our police force who has told me that many times when off duty and on his way home in the evening, there comes to him such vivid and vital realization of his oneness with the Infinite Power, and the Spirit of

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Infinite Peace so takes hold of and so fills him, that it seems as if his feet could hardly keep to the pavement, so buoyant and so exhilarated does he become by reason of this inflowing tide." [16] But the best account anyone has given of that buoyant and triumphant spirit, produced by the first-hand discovery that "God is for us" and that through Him "we are more than conquerors," is that rapturous outburst from the greatest of the affirmation mystics, St. Paul: "I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creation, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Lord of my heart's elation,
Spirit of things unseen,
Be thou my aspiration
Consuming and serene.

Be thou my exaltation
Or fortitude of mien,
Lord of the world's elation
Thou breath of things unseen.

[16] *In Tune with The Infinite*, p. 134.

CHAPTER VI

INTRINSIC LIFE-VALUES

I

Mystical experience is not a substitute for the normal moral and rational processes of everyday life. The prophet's serial order is essentially sound: "They shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint." (Is. xl, 31.) Illumination, inspiration and fortification of life through vision and contemplation are of immense importance, but human life is complex and intricate, and most of our waking life must correlate with others in common tasks, in routine pursuits or perhaps in dull toil. We must learn to "go on our feet" and to carry through persistently our constructive plans of life, often in the face of difficult situations, stupid opposition, or, what is worse, stupid assistance, and stubborn conditions of nature or of social environment. Our great everyday forces of character and moral action are our life-values. We must, therefore, endeavor next to make clear what we are to mean by values and to discover if possible where they come from. Professor Robert Millikan, on the occasion of the presentation of a gram of radium to Madame Curie at the University of Chicago, said: "The most important thing in the world is belief in the reality of moral and spiritual values." That is the testimony of a scientist who has

been occupied all his life with scientific facts and methods and yet in the course of a scientific address he specifically put values above facts in the order of importance.

What do we mean by "values" and what do we mean by "facts"? Is the distinction between these two aspects a valid one and is it something that seriously matters? I believe personally that the distinction between fact and value is one of our greatest "divides" and a point of fundamental importance, but the precise meaning of these two aspects is not often made clear and luminous, at least for the general reader. It would be a signal service to bring this whole matter into the light. Many of the books and articles that deal with the problem leave on the mind a similar impression to that produced by the book described in the Apocalypse: "I saw a book written within and on the back, sealed with seven seals. And no one in heaven or on earth was able to open the book or to read it." If the distinction between fact and value is a real one and if it is of fundamental importance, it ought to be possible to tell about it so that the wayfaring man can understand it. One always suspects the worth of any alleged truth if it can be got out of a book only with the use of a "jimmy," or by the application of "T.N.T."

Let us begin with the consideration of fact. A fact is something which can be positively and indubitably experienced, and which can be subjected to wellnigh infallible tests of verification. It is something which occurs in a framework of space or time, or both. It forces itself upon the observer. It bombards the senses, or it compels the mind to think it. It is something *there*—there for observation—not only for one particular individual, but it is capable of being experienced by any normal person. It can be exactly described and reported and fitted into a solid scientific system. It differs in a

marked way from mere images of imagination or mental constructions. These latter are more or less plastic and malleable. We can in some measure shift and alter them. Fact is what it is and it remains stubbornly *so,* no matter how insistently our mind wishes it otherwise. It meets us with a challenge of its right to be and it lays upon us an unescapable "feeling of reality."

Facts, as I have said, are accurately describable. This exact description is possible (1) because facts can be explained in terms of antecedent causes, (2) because they conform to universal laws that are known, or partially known, to us, (3) because they are in the main quantitative in character, *i.e.,* they submit to mathematical treatment, and (4) because they stand the test of corporate experience, *i.e.,* they are capable of being experienced by all persons who possess our normal stock of senses and who share in our common rationality. Nothing can secure the right to be called a "fact" unless it *is there* in the framework of space or time, or once *was there,* for observation and report, and unless it can be described and verified in terms of group-experience as something more than a "seeming" for a single person. Take for example our three noses. If you close your right eye your nose seems to slide over to the left of its usual position. If you close the left eye the nose suddenly shifts over to the right. Some persons can see all three noses simultaneously, the middle nose with both eyes and each of the side "noses" with one eye. The nose that we regard as a *fact* is the one which both eyes see, which the hand finds, which the photographer reports, and which external onlookers verify with *their* senses.

The first question we ask about any assumed fact is does it exist, or did it exist; and second, can it be formulated, controlled, explained and arranged in a universal

and permanent system. Science—which is that system—aims to be concerned only with facts, labors to eliminate caprice, prejudice and preference, and to view its world as a series of naked facts, unaltered and uncolored by the peculiar personal coefficients of beholders and reporters. Its world is a world reduced to impersonality and stripped of human likes and dislikes. It just *is* as it is. It does not use the categories of "good" and "bad." Its laws are expressed in terms of the verb "is." A child playing in the garden in the early morning was overheard to say to her nurse, "I don't want the grass to be wet." "But it is wet," the matter-of-fact nurse replied, "and you can't help it." "But I don't want it to be wet!" the child insisted in a louder voice, as though determined preference might possibly alter facts.

It is obvious, however, to anyone familiar with modern science that its field is not confined to observation. Science would quickly be compelled to commit suicide if it undertook rigidly to deal only with what the senses observe and report. It finds it necessary to organize its facts and to interpret them, and in these processes of organization and interpretation it is compelled to use abstract concepts and inferred realities, as well as things perceived. Its completed system contains very much which the most acute senses never perceive—much, indeed, which is not *there* at all for senses. Ether vibrations, for instance, which occasion all our visual perceptions and explain all our experiences of color are not themselves perceivable. They are inferred facts. They are taken to be real because they are necessary to explain facts which we do perceive. Atoms, molecules, electrons, germplasms, mathematical points and many other "realities" which no man has ever seen, handled or tasted, nor ever will see, handle or taste, figure in our scientific systems.

We must include therefore in our larger system of facts not only what senses report and verify, but also whatever is needed to give rational interpretation to these reported facts. The inferred "realities" which are needed to explain facts are what John Stuart Mill called "permanent possibilities of experience." They are facts which *would be found* if we had adequate senses to experience them. Or better still, they are the facts which *the mind ..es* as involved in what the senses have reported. The point to remember in any case is that science always includes interpretation and is never just an aggregation of perceived facts.

It is easy to see that the world which consists of "bare facts" is not the world we live in, not the rich and varied world which we enjoy. This latter world is loaded with values, it is saturated with human preferences, we react to it with likes and dislikes, and those likes and dislikes color the experience itself. Our world is a world in which emotions and sentiments, purposes and preferences have as much right to their innings as have our factual, cognitive powers. Philosophers have usually belittled emotions and sentiments. They have given the palm to Ideas and they have assumed that everything real and important is settled by thought. History and drama, however, have a different story to tell. Civilization has never traveled on the one-track line. The springs and motives that have led to action and decision in the crises of world events have not been purely intellectual. There has always been a mighty emotional factor heaving beneath the guiding reason.

The method of description does not by any means exhaust the enormous fecundity of our human experience. There are many things in heaven and earth that concern us mightily which do not submit to mathematical treat-

ment, things which overflow the rigid frameworks and categories that descriptive sciences use and which belong to the other level of life—the level of values. It is, however, "another level," and not another world. They are not to be separated by a "no man's land," or by "a great gulf." What we have in this distinction of fact and value is not two worlds, but two ways of dealing with one world. We are "amphibious" beings and can live either on the fact-level or on the value-level. We can react equally to *is* or to *ought to be.*

II

The word "value" has been taken over from economics into the ethical and spiritual field and in the transfer its meaning has been profoundly altered. In the economic field value has reference to the market price, the exchange value, of commodities, the estimate set upon goods to be used for food or shelter or luxury, or a thousand other purposes. Value here means "equivalence." Personality is eliminated in questions of economic value, as it is in science. The relations with a customer are general and abstract—he is "reduced" to a mere buyer of goods and payer of the price. As an "economic man" I discount the personal traits of the purchaser, his character as a man, a father, a husband, a citizen, except in so far as these traits affect him as a safe customer. I am not concerned with his spiritual quality, I am interested solely in his need for my goods and his ability to pay for them. Economic value belongs thus largely in the realm of *fact.* It is something quantitative, to be expressed, like mathematics, in terms of equations. What I want to know as an "economic man" is, how many calories of food does

my customer need, what will he pay for shoes, for clothes, for land, for bonds, for transportation. This is a calculable proposition and I search for the facts and bank upon them.

Valuation in the ethical sense is a very different thing from the mere observation and description of facts. When we appreciate the intrinsic value or worth of any event or situation we take the said event or situation in its relation to our aims and purposes and view it no longer impersonally. It is not now treated as something abstract and mathematical; it is rather something organically bound up with our nature and adapted to our own rational spirit. There is a unique activity in the perceiving mind which, as Wordsworth said, "half-perceives" and "half-creates" this "mighty world" of values. We do not leave behind the solid and permanent ground and enter a realm of caprice when we rise to this "other amphibian level" of human experience, for there is nothing more solid, nor anything more sure of survival, than values. It is another way of dealing with the multitudinous features of our world which is too rich and too many-sided to be squeezed into any one mold or to be interpreted by any one method.

When we value, we rise above *is* and aim at what *ought to be.* We do not, however, leave existence behind, nor do we soar into some insubstantial world of dreams and projections, but we introduce a new way of seeing and appraising the world which science is content to *describe.* We discover significance now and not mere facts. We exhibit insight. We feel the *meaning* of what is there—its meaning for us. We no longer are busy with reporting, we approve or disapprove, or we set about remaking the affair to fit our heart's desire. Valuation has to do then with personal ends and ideals. It introduces prefer-

ence. It looks toward a goal or standard. It seeks to realize what ought to be. It pursues something which is felt to be intrinsically good—its own excuse for being. In one sense, therefore, value seems to be a luxury. It is superfluous if the only test of life is physical survival. It inaugurates a way of living by other things than bread —or even meat. It proves life to be more than "a long, dismal conjugation of the verb to eat." It never loses sight of the meaning and importance of personality.

It has its ground and basis in that fundamental tendency of the person *to extend his world in ideal directions, i.e.,* to live beyond the compass of what is, of what can be described as fact. Value, therefore, arises in this higher sense as soon as we begin to realize that one type of life is better, that is, of more intrinsic worth, than another and that one way of acting will further life and promote the goodness of it better than another way will. It is grounded in and springs out of the essential nature of personality—the self-transcending character of the self. Man as a person is a producer of values, and whether they are real anywhere else or not, they are certainly real in that portion of the universe we call persons. The emergence of this new stage is due to the birth of ideals within us and their emotional effects upon us. In the stage of instinct where acts are performed without consciousness of purpose, without thought or choice or selection, there is, of course, no sense of value. It emerges only as we go up from beings that live by impulse and instinct to beings that look before and after and forecast ends and goals of life which are felt to be good and which they as unique beings wish to attain.

Instinct operates only in reference to present sense-stimulus. The stimulus that sets the instinctive action

off is aroused by something already there as an existing fact, something occupying space and transmitting an impact upon the sense organ. Beings like us, who "look before and after and sigh for that which is not," are of a wholly different order from instinctive creatures or from ourselves at the primitive stage. Something "new" has emerged—the capacity to live by the *vision* of what is not yet. We are now beings influenced by remote considerations. It is not easy to tell how that extraordinary capacity, which makes us persons, got planted here in the furrows of the world, though perhaps it is no more difficult to explain than is any "mutation" that has inaugurated a new species in the evolving processes of life. There is no way of getting on without admitting that, all the way up the scale from the amœba, new types have been appearing that were not here before and which could not be explained by the line of "ancestors" behind them. They "seem" to have come with reference to what was in front rather than to what was behind! It looks strangely like a glimmer of teleology at work in the universe! In fact, I see no consistent way of dealing with all reality, with the whole of experience, without introducing teleology —a teleology immanent in the structure of things. In a multitude of ways the world reveals "preparation" for what has not yet appeared, and we can never tell the whole story about any stage of life without referring to ends or purposes. This does not mean that we are to give up mechanical explanations, nor that we shall cease to search for antecedent causes. It is not a case for an *either-or* alternative, but for both methods; not mechanism *or* teleology, but mechanism *and* teleology. The universe reveals both methods and submits to both.

In any case the novel capacity to build upon what is not yet in the world of facts has appeared, and it is as

old as Niagara or the Grand Canyon, and even more wonderful. Persons, who are the only beings that explicitly reveal the trait, share many features with beings of the lower order that show it only implicitly. To begin with, they move in space, space of three dimensions, like other masses of matter. They appropriate, organize and transform the energies of the sun, the soil, and the air in common with plants and animals. They possess instincts, as animals do, and they have the power to accumulate, roll up and preserve the past in forms of heredity, custom and habit. But all this is only the basement for the real structure. The meaning of the creation—the coming of Adam—is not yet half in sight when this stage is reached. A *person,* whenever he came and however he got here, was distinctly a "new arrival," not merely an improvement on the old, space-binding types. The power to reach through time and lay hold upon ideal situations, and then to make actual what before was not, marked an "epoch" in the creative process—it was a "great divide." There could, of course, be no conscious values until a being arrived that could transcend the existent thing or situation and forecast something more desirable, more worthy to be. That power involved the capacity to gather up the past in cumulative fashion and then to transcend it. That obviously calls for a being who is a co-creator with God, a being that can make a world for himself, a world that is not yet. He must possess a range of creative capacity and be able to see what *ought to be* as well as what is. Just this trait is the essential characteristic of a person. He possesses a kind of consciousness which transcends the finite, transcends itself in fact, and carries a Beyond revealed within itself. In knowing its limits it finds itself already beyond those limits!

III

Values come to light not only in this contrast between animal instinct and the capacity of persons to see before and after—*i.e.*, the capacity to have a time-binding experience—they come to light also as soon as we contrast the scientific method with our complete normal, unreduced experience. Science makes its conquests of the world by a method of simplification and reduction. It abstracts from the concrete and particular and seizes upon the general, the permanent and universal aspects—that which remains the same under all conditions and so is "repeatable." Abstract realities—such as atoms, molecules, germ-cells—are substituted for a concrete thing present to experience. The "flower" of the botanist is absolutely describable in terms of general forms, such as stem, ovary, pistils, petals, pollen, etc. The "man" of the physiologist is a man-in-general, constructed out of conceptual parts, fearfully and wonderfully made, no doubt, but lacking many of the interesting concrete characteristics which we perceive in John and William when we meet them in the flesh, with all their incalculable slants and possibilities.

The process of "reduction" makes little difference so long as we are dealing with mathematical figures and mere masses of matter. The triangle of the mathematician is not one drawn on a blackboard with chalk. It is a general, sample triangle whose lines are absolutely straight *and have no width*. In other words it is a "conceived" triangle and not a visible one. The difference in this case is slight and negligible. We do not much miss what has been eliminated in the "reduction." A triangle with sides of no width thrills us almost as much as one with visible chalkmark sides. The masses of matter with which science works are just masses of matter occupying space,

completely describable in quantitative terms. But there is not much more to say about masses of matter anyway, and we do not feel that we have lost much in the passage from the concrete to the abstract. Descartes started the world on this momentous track of mathematical conquest when he succeeded in reducing the external world to matter possessing only the quantitative qualities of extension, divisibility and mobility.

This method has given us immense power to organize facts and to forecast practical results, but in spite of our seeming advances we still know very little about the deeper meaning of things or of ultimate explanations. Bertrand Russell has recently said: "The knowledge embodied in science has gradually been found to be more abstract. We know certain very general features of the structure of the physical world, but we know nothing of the ingredients of that structure. Our knowledge is something like the knowledge of geography which a blind man might obtain from relief maps without ever going outside his own room. Such a man might be able to talk about different countries as accurately as the greatest traveller, but he would not know the meaning of the words he was using. So it is in physics. We know how to speak correctly about physical processes, but we do not know what our words signify."

But the moment we come from the lower levels of existence, where mathematics rules supreme, up to the levels where life and consciousness appear, the reduction which science demands begins to be very important and significant. Even on the lower scale it sometimes is. According to science a fire in the hearth is "the conversion of potential into kinetic energy, through the combination of carbon atoms with those of oxygen and the formation of oxides in the shape of gases which become progressively

oxidized." To one who is sitting in front of the blazing oak logs on a cold winter evening this scientific account of the fire seems somewhat attenuated and "reduced" from the full unanalyzed experience of the concrete fire itself. But that is nothing to the "reduction" that occurs when science deals with some of our richer experiences. The poet's "flower," for instance, compared with that of the botanist is quite a different object. One gives "thoughts that do lie too deep for tears," the other can be thoroughly reviewed and considered without ever requiring the use of a pocket handkerchief. Beauty has disappeared in the transaction, since beauty is not something which can be preserved in a rigid chain of concepts. Anyone who has ever read a scientific account of human emotions must have thought to himself, "they seem strangely unlike the ones I just experienced." The difficulty is that many of our richer and subtler experiences are so entirely what they are because of their particular and concrete aspects that they are "reduced" almost to nothing when they are translated into the abstract, the general and repeatable for scientific purposes. This method of reduction is perhaps at its worst when it attempts to deal scientifically with just these values of which we are now speaking. A psychologist's account of religion for example is one of the most unsuccessful ventures which science has yet entered upon. Like Alice in Wonderland it seizes and preserves the grin but it misses the face. Its method is necessarily external and analytic. It views religion in terms of origin and instinct and behavior, but it cannot enter within the spirit of the man himself and catch the inner meaning, the love and fellowship, the joyous quest of Life raised to its *n*th power through companionship with God. We get a stone instead of bread, a scorpion instead of good palatable fish.

In view of this immense process of elimination and reduction, the question arises whether we are nearer reality —nearer the eternal nature of things—when we are in the stage of our rich, full, unanalyzed, first-hand experience of something, *or* when we know that "something" in its scientific form, *i.e.*, reduced to a series of abstract concepts—a "bloodless ballet" of generalities. Which is more real, the poet's flower or the botanist's flower? Which is more real, the thrill of emotion actually experienced, or the halting account of it which the scientist gives us? Which is nearer the heart and truth of things—the religious experience of the saint or the account of it in a learned book? Most of us vote in favor of the unreduced experience. If we want to organize, control or predict in any field we must no doubt reduce the phenomena to a scientific basis and eliminate everything that cannot be put into abstract concepts and stated as cold facts. But if we propose to live and act and enjoy, we stand for the concrete and effervescing experience itself. That means that we insist upon a world that has values as well as facts. Values, preferences—approval or disapproval—mark all our first-hand experience and color it with those tints which give interest, meaning and significance to life.

I repeat boldly that "we must insist upon *a world that has values.*" Nobody doubts that all living persons are aware of values and *act* with reference to them. But we must go farther and maintain that they are as truly a real part of our universe as the Andes or Gibraltar are. If we cannot trace them to a source beyond our subjective hopes and desires, if in truth they are not grounded in the spiritual nature of the deeper unreduced universe to which we belong, they are doomed to wither and to fail us.

Values are revealed perhaps at their topmost when we

come to the stage of life which for want of a less abused word we call *loyalty*. Loyalty, as I conceive it, cannot be considered on the level of fact, or of utility or of survival. It is a way of life which could never occur in a world of bare facts nor in a world composed of "mere men," as the theologians used to use the term. Loyalty emerges only where persons are "over-individual," *i.e.*, where they transcend themselves and find themselves in and through and for others. It involves an interpretation of life, but no longer as in science through abstract concepts, it is an interpretation in terms of concrete ends to be attained, and ends, too, that include more than self, ends which are intrinsic. The presence of a common ideal, a common cause, a common faith, a united love, fuses the individual and merges him into a group-life which raises him vastly above his isolated self, his *fact*-self. Consecration, dedication are great words but they express experiences, attitudes of will, which are as much a part of our universe as pig iron or potash are, as much as ocean tides or electric currents are. They make the world worthy of us, they make it a place in which men like us can consent to live, and—give them time—they will make it a much better world than it unfortunately is just now.

IV

What are the particular values which raise us as persons above the level of things that occupy space and are expressed in terms of equations? When we emerge from the instinctive stage and take on our higher functions how do we reveal the change? What peculiar glory do values add to this procession of beings who but for values would be in King Lear's phrase, "forked radishes with

heads fantastically carved?" The great overarching values which add interest, dignity and sublimity to man's life can be named in a very brief catalogue. They are aspects of our world which are intrinsically good. They are ends which we pursue for their own sake. They are experiences which exalt and enrich life rather than lengthen it. They are such elemental realities of life as happiness, beauty, love, goodness, truth, God.

Happiness must not be confused with pleasure. Pleasure is a momentary, fleeting feeling-tone which may in any particular instance be of value to one's total life or it may just as well not be. In any case pleasures are not "items" which can be preserved, accumulated and added together to form a sum-total any more than snowflakes can be accumulated in a warm hand. Happiness, on the other hand, is the deep-seated satisfaction which attends the more or less successful realization of one's essential ideals of life. It comes when in our estimate of life it feels as it ought to feel. It is not something capricious and "episodic," as pleasure is; it springs out of the consciousness that a person is on the right track toward a worthy goal, and on his way toward the attainment of the type of life for which he feels that he was made and to which in his most lucid moments he is dedicated. It is a state of mind which characterizes a harmonious, unified, and progressively developing personal life,—a life good in retrospect, good just now, and good in its forecasts. A person therefore may be very happy and yet be suffering heavy pains, and in turn a man may have a large stock of pleasures and be very unhappy. If he is truly "happy"—*felix*—a person's life will be greatly worth living, even though most of the so-called goods of the world are stripped away from him, and if, on the other hand, one has missed happiness, no accumulation of

wealth or honor or "success" can compensate for that one thing which, when found, raises life to its true glory and entitles "all generations" to pronounce the possessor of it "blessed." It is something intrinsically good and at the same time it is inherently bound up with that idealizing tendency in us, which makes us men.

Happiness is very closely and intimately related to beauty. In fact the realization of this highest kind of well-being, which Aristotle called *eudaimonia,* which Jesus called "blessedness" and which I call "happiness," is always an æsthetic creation. It belongs in the sphere of the fine arts—the very finest of the fine arts. The happy life is consummately beautiful. But this brings us up against that hard and difficult central question, *what after all is beauty?* Everybody knows what beauty is until he tries to tell and then it appears that nobody knows. It is a value, to be sure, which means that the experience is felt to be intrinsically good and that it is due to certain idealizing characteristics in the nature of our minds. Here once more we half-perceive and half-create. Eliminate these idealizing characteristics, report the given object in its bare describable aspect as a space-occupying thing and I have a *fact,* but no beauty. The sunset cloud, for example, becomes an aggregate of minute water-drops, producing varying velocities of ether waves and varying molecular changes in my optic system. The appreciation of beauty occurs because I, the beholder, do not stop with describable aspects but sweep on to another and richer way of dealing with the "object" before me. Instead of dealing with it part by part, analytically, as an aggregate produced by addition, I seize all the aspects of the object *together* in one indivisible whole, somewhat as happiness is found in a life considered as a whole. A thing, to be beautiful, must have unity—unity in diversity. It must

be an integral whole which contains nothing superfluous, nothing brought in as a fragment apart, nothing which breaks up the unity of the whole. This way of perceiving involves a peculiar characteristic in the mind that perceives. The beholder now does not any longer report point by point in sequence. He displays instead a certain fusing or synoptic power, *i.e.,* a power of passing beyond divided parts to organic wholes. Just as one, by the nature of mind, unites past and future in a momentous *present-duration,* so, too, by the nature of mind we rise above the space and time aspects of visible objects and audible notes and seize the features that fit together so as to produce the impression upon us of *something which is as it ought to be.* Æsthetic enjoyment overcomes all our usual dualisms—the dualism of outer and inner, of self and object, of here and yonder—in a fused and unified experience which transcends parts and divisions. The beholder lives in the object beheld, and feels that externality has given place to "real presence."

Then, instead of being motived to action, as we are when things are incomplete and fragmentary, we are thrown by a sudden spell into a contemplative state. We seem somehow to have transcended the usual framework of the finite with its containing limits, and we feel a glimpse of the infinite, at least we are raised above the consciousness of the finite, whether of space or of time. Life undergoes imperial expansion and we gain an unwonted freedom and joy.

> Suddenly, we know not how, a sound
> Of living streams, an odor, a flower crowned
> With dew, a lark upspringing from the sod,
> And we awake. O joy and deep amaze,
> Beneath the everlasting hills we stand,

> We hear the voices of the morning seas,
> And earnest prophesyings in the land,
> While from the open heaven leans forth at gaze
> The encompassing great cloud of witnesses.[1]

Love—deep, abiding affection—is something intrinsically good and not something which can be expressed in utilitarian terms. It has its essence not in space, not in molecular movements, not in any forms that can be exactly explained or described. Love is due, as beauty is, to something in *us,* to something transcendent in the nature of our own consciousness, which makes us go out beyond our isolated individual, egoistic, considerations. We find ourselves first in others. We are "nobody" until life is shared in fellowship, in friendship and in love. Beauty, as we have seen, enlarges, liberates and expands life. Love does much more, it frees life from concentration upon self and carries it joyously into activities for the sake of another. Much that we do springs from our desire to *get.* Love, on the other hand, promotes actions that are concerned with giving and sharing. Where love is present the "self" is always transcended and attention is leveled beyond one's own interests. Life reveals here an absorbing *overplus,* something superfluous from a mere survival point of view has come into operation. Growth, advance, power, joy, radiance of life are somehow bound up with that which takes consciousness away from itself and love does this in surpassing fashion.

If consciousness were only cognitive, if it could deal only with facts, then what we mean by pure love could have no place in the world. We cannot "explain" it. We cannot set it in a causal framework or reduce it, as some have tried to do, to the palpitations of the diaphragm or the excitation of some lobe of the brain cortex. It has its

[1] Edward Dowden's Sonnet *Awakening.*

ground in the rich, complex, transcendent character of our consciousness—a consciousness which lives always out beyond itself and joins itself up with the beyond. Personal consciousness is inherently over-individual, and "conjunct." It lives beyond its own margins and comes to itself only in and through another. There are, of course, biological and physiological factors to be considered but they do not "explain" love. It is not in the domain or on the level of facts; it is a revelation of the truth that persons like us overflow the narrow banks of our individual being and live in the sphere of the plus. Our values are always found in the region beyond the *is;* beyond the *here;* beyond the *me.*

Truth is one of our highest values. It is not only more than opinion, it is always more than fact. Fact just *is,* here and now, corresponding with some external reality which is there to be observed. Truth asserts something which not only is now, but *always and everywhere* will be so. It goes beyond *is* to *must be.* It rises above time and place and seizes an eternal aspect of things. The truth about the angles of a triangle or about the relation of the diameter to the circumference of a circle is eternally so. Let me use Professor Royce's telling illustration: "A spider creeping back and forth across a circle could, if she were geometrically disposed, measure out in temporal succession first this diameter and then that. Crawling first over one diameter, she would say, 'I now find this so long.' Afterwards examining another diameter, she would say, 'It has now happened that what I have just measured proves to be precisely as long as what I measured some time since, and no longer.' The toil of such a spider might last many hours, and be full of successive measurements, each marked by a spun thread of web. But the true circle itself within which the web was spun, the

circle in actual space as the geometer knows it, would its nature be thus a mere series of events, a mere succession of spun threads? No, the true circle would be timeless, a truth founded in the nature of space, outlasting, preceding, determining all the weary web-spinning of this time-worn spider." [2]

In the case of truth we interpret our facts in terms of something which outruns and transcends our facts. The fact is contingent; the truth is something universal, permanent, unalterable, irreversible, eternal and absolute. The particular items of experience—each one finite and contingent—have been organized and interpreted through a universal rational principle which has its ground *in the nature of mind* and through that we seize upon something which abides and remains the same in all the flux, variation and welter of temporal experience. The basis of truth is not outside in the stream of passing facts, it is to be found inside in the foundational nature of the rational and knowing mind.

Once more, we are dealing with a type of consciousness which leaps beyond what is "given" to it, looks down, as it were, from above and transcends what it beholds and what it receives. We should have no knowledge, if we could not go beyond the sense-experience of the moment and interpret that sense-experience through universals that are in our minds as tools of knowledge. The little child in retinal vision *sees* his mother change size every time she moves about the room. Now, out by the door, she is as tiny as the mother of Puck. Then again, standing near the crib, she is as vast and mighty as an Amazon warrior. But the wise child ignores the retinal "patch" with its shifting sizes and interprets his sense-experience in terms of an unvarying and permanent idea of mother, which is

[2] *The Spirit of Modern Philosophy*, pp. 61-62.

not outside but inside his mind. Truth is always interpretation, never just fact. But in so far as it is "truth" it rests upon something foundational in mind, not in my mind alone or my neighbor's mind, but in the common, rational structure of mind as it organizes sense-data. We "know" because we have minds that can run out beyond what we see and hear and touch, and produce a universal and permanent interpretation of it as a value which transcends the fact.

"Goodness," the intrinsic quality of deeds, like love and truth, lies beyond the level of fact. It is something different from mere behavior. It is a fine and subtle quality which defies and baffles our powers of description. What we describe is behavior, what we *mean* by goodness lies beyond, in the region of the plus. It would be possible, by an excess of realism, to describe every item of the behavior of Jesus during the crucifixion. Each movement of the body, each reaction of muscle under the brutal treatment of the Roman soldiers could be set down. We might possess a minute, almost microscopic account of the palpitations of the quivering flesh in the moments of agony. But anyone can easily see that all this diagrammatic description would miss just the essence of the matter. What we mean by the spiritual quality of heroism and sacrifice is not to be found in a description of behavior. It is something unique, something added. When we talk about "goodness" we do not mean prudence, fine calculation, skilful forecast of desired results. We have left utilitarian considerations behind where they belong, on the level of mathematical equations—so much good conduct is equal to so much reward, so much halo for so much philanthropy. Goodness as something intrinsic is not *that.* It appears and can appear only in persons who are actuated and impelled by ideals. Goodness, like truth,

springs out of that unique power in us by which we live beyond what is given through our senses and by which we build up *the world that ought to be and which henceforth becomes for us our most real world.* Here as always the value is born of that higher, creative, transcendent nature of our consciousness as persons. We can be good because we can live beyond what *is.*

Religion is the highest form of this life of value-experience. Like all the other expressions of it—happiness, beauty, love, truth, goodness—it lies on a different level from that on which science operates, *i.e.,* the level of fact. Of course religion cannot fly in the face of facts, any more than the other values can, only it uses them in clairvoyant fashion, sees through them, interprets them and seizes upon that higher meaning which they suggest. Men have been strangely prone to look for God as a "cause." They bring Him in as the first link in the chain of causes. He is there behind, as the beginner, the starter. This brings God down to the fact-level, ties Him into a system of sequences and compels the causally-minded boy to ask "But who caused God?" and it induces the sceptically-minded person to dispense altogether with this last mysterious link in the long chain of regression. Isn't it better to look for Him in the values which, as we have seen, the universe reveals to us? They are real if anything is real—not less real certainly than mountains and seas and stars, not less real than molecules and atoms, nor than gravitation and electricity. They must belong to the eternal Nature of things. It is through and by them that we *live,* more truly than we do by bread. They are the energies which build us and sustain us. They carry us forward and make life an unfolding, developing affair.

"It seethes with the morrow for us and more."

The thing that makes us persons is just that idealizing tendency through which our power of valuation is derived; that creative core within ourselves which is not of flesh and blood but of spirit. That is the trait in us which is most like God. I shall look for Him not as a cause behind things but rather as the ideal and goal in front toward which all that is highest and best is moving. He is the Omega that fulfils our strivings. He is what we long to be. We are most truly persons when we most truly approximate Him. He is the spiritual ground and basis of all values. Everything in the universe that has purpose finds its *meaning* expressed in Him. We are able to experience values, as we have seen, because we transcend temporal moments and live in larger unities, in completer wholes. We possess a type of consciousness that carries a beyond in its very nature. There are no fences which can hold us quietly within finite pastures. We are always over in the next field. We have always transcended the boundaries and limits. Here lie some of our tragedies but here is the source of all our grandeur. In this we are allied with Him—the Omega—who is the source of happiness and beauty and love and truth and goodness. We are often too close to Him to find Him. We are looking for Him far away. We carry the tools intended for use on the fact-level with us when we go up into our other "amphibian" domain, and we ask all kinds of questions which can have no intelligible answer. It is absurd to ask why happiness is enjoyed, why the beauty of a rhodora pleases us, why this dear person seems adorable, why it is true that the shortest distance must be a straight line, or why we are thrilled by the sacrificial deed of a good man.

So, too, there are no other "arguments" to prove God real than just the experience of Him and this experience of values and what is implied by a universe crammed full

of them! We find them, we live by them and then we say, "show us some argument for believing in the existence of God!" A value is always a revelation of God; it always testifies to a guiding Spirit. It is always a typical case of a consciousness transcending itself—living out beyond its finite margins. That can be only because we finite persons are allied to and are organic with an inclusive Consciousness forever revealed within us. "We seek Him because we have already found Him."

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